CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

AUGUST | SEPTEMBER 2003 $5.95

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Clair Stewart's Modernist Mission

Ranald MacDonald's Excellent Adventure

The Death of Jumbo

The Yellow Fever Fiend

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The Beaver

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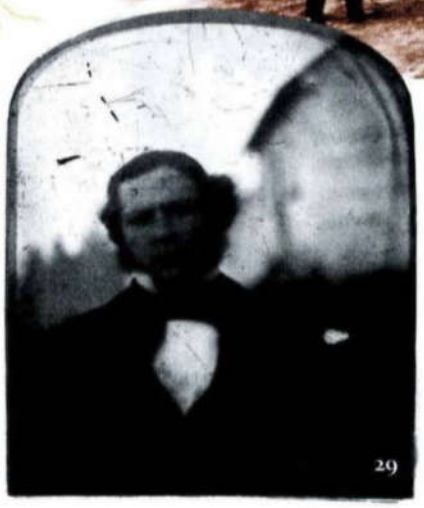

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On the cover: *Untitled*, watercolour, 1989 by Clair Stewart. From the collection of the artist.

Letters

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

From Nuremberg to the NHL

THE CAPTION for the inside photo on p.14 ["Cold War Clemency: The Kurt Meyer Conundrum," April/May 2003], might have noted that the officer to Lieut.-Col. Bruce Macdonald's right is Clarence Campbell, lawyer, Normandy veteran, member of the Nuremberg war crimes prosecution team, and president of the NHL for three decades (1946–1977). In this last capacity he was the judge, jury, and executioner of many a sentence on hockey players. His most famous verdict, one that has resonated down the years, was the suspension of Rocket Richard from the 1955 Stanley Cup playoffs.

Bruce Conron
Scarborough, Ontario

Cui bono?

THE ARTICLE "REDRESSING HISTORY'S HORRORS" [April/May 2003] mentions many incidents that expose the very human reaction to fear, whether real, imagined, or intentionally created. Even though the reaction might have been considered justified at the time, very often there were those who benefited greatly, be they weapons manufacturers, oil producers, or profiteers, who were friends or relatives of a politician or civil servants in the know.

One aspect of the Japanese deportation was the loss to a hard-working people of the stake that they had built up in their new country. I have never been privy to any book that shone any light on the beneficiaries of the valuable properties of those that were deported. Surely the details of the transactions, even though hidden at the time, must have been researched and uncovered by now. It would be interesting to know whose family fortunes are based on such brutal confiscatory policies. Who are living in the deportees' homes; who took over their businesses? As an Acadian, I think our family might have been in some kind of queue for restitution after the Expulsion, but then again, our ancestors might have expelled some other group, so on it goes ad infinitum.

William Bourque, Waterdown, Ontario

Sic transit

THERE ARE A COUPLE OF POINTS in Rita Griffin-Short's otherwise excellent article ["The Transit of Venus," April/May 2003] on which I disagree. The prefabricated observatory used by Cook (pictured on p. 11) may not have been all that "similar to the one used by Dymond and Wales." In fact, in the minutes of the Council of the Royal Society for March and April, 1768, the observatory destined for Hudson's Bay is mentioned several times. It was designed by the famous English civil engineer, John Smeaton, and was clearly made of wood, though unfortunately few details are given.

Ms Griffin-Short's assertion that the transit of 1761 "had been a comedy of errors" gives, I feel, the wrong impression. There certainly were many problems, but there were also many useful observations, including those made near St. John's, Newfoundland by John Winthrop of Harvard College, Massachusetts. The great Canadian-born astronomer Simon Newcomb made use of these observations 130 years later in a comprehensive study of the eighteenth-century transits for the U.S. Naval Observatory.

Readers may be interested to know that the 1769 transit was also observed on Isle aux Coudres in Quebec by surveyor Samuel Holland and his assistant Thomas Wright.

Peter Broughton, Toronto, Ontario

The Beaver, Canada's History Magazine, founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, is published bimonthly by Canada's National History Society

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The Beaver *Canada's History Magazine* (ISSN 0005-7517),
#478–167 Lombard Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6
Canada. Phone: (204) 988-9300.
Fax: (204) 988-9309.
Toll Free 1-800-816-6777.
E-mail: <cnhs@historysociety.ca>
Member Services e-mail:
<beaver@historysociety.ca>
Editorial e-mail: <editors@historysociety.ca>
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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE:
Michael Wile, 5502 Atlantic Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 1G4 Canada. Phone: (902) 421-7022 Fax: (902) 425-0166 E-mail: <michaelwile@historysociety.ca>

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION (6 issues): Canada, $29.95 (includes GST). Residents of Manitoba, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia add $1.96 on a one-year subscription. Please add $8 a year for U.S. orders and $15 a year for foreign orders. Single copy price: $5.95. Subscribe by phone, fax, mail, e-mail, or through our website: <http://www.thebeaver.ca>
GST Registration Number 13868 1408 RT

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CANADIAN POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Beaver Magazine, #478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6.
PAP REGISTRATION NO. 09708.
CANADIAN PUBLICATION AGREEMENT NO. 40063001.

U.S. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Beaver Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North Dakota 58271-0329.

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg.

CCAB

Issued July 2003
Printed in Canada on recycled paper

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Publications Assistance Program and the Canada Magazine Fund toward our mailing and editorial costs.

Map mania

Richard Ruggles's review of Derek Hayes' *Historical Atlas of Canada* [June/July 2003, p.45] certainly catches the flavour and spirit of this remarkable book. It is definitely a "must have" for anyone interested in Canada's historical development or the evolution of the cartographic image of Canada. *Beaver* readers may be interested to know that the Association of Canadian Map Libraries and Archives (ACMLA) has produced high-quality facsimiles of more than 150 historical maps of Canada. These are available at reasonable cost from map shops and from the ACMLA, which maintains a full list, with thumbnail sketches and ordering information, in the publications section of their web page <www.acmla.org>. I would recommend that anyone whose interest has been stimulated by this book investigate these facsimiles.

Like Dr. Ruggles, I too look forward to Derek Hayes' next book, *Historical Atlas of the Arctic*, being published by Douglas & McIntyre and scheduled for release in October 2003. It's already on my Santa list.

David L. Jones
Edmonton, Alberta

Inspector Wood investigates

At last, something about Canada's sexual history ["Queer Doings," April/May 2003], a subject which has suffered from a sinful neglect. Another quite similar story of elite homosexuality in the first half of nineteenth-century Ontario was that of Alexander Wood, "Inspector of General Accounts ... by which name he was occasionally insulted in the streets." And why was he insulted in this way? He had told several young men in Toronto that a Miss Bailey had been raped, that she had managed to scratch the rapist's genitals, and that to prove their innocence they they would have to drop their pants and let him investigate.

Alan Wade
Thunder Bay, Ontario

Ward dunnit

For over twenty years, I have been working on a series of genealogical reference books based on Ontario's nineteenth-century Methodist papers. In the course of this project, I found, in the June 21, 1865 issue of the *Christian Guardian*, an item that might be considered as a footnote to your story ["The Murder of Mr. Hogan," June/July 2003]:

> *Ellen McGillock, upon whose evidence Brown was executed for the murder of J.S. Hogan, died in the city hospital last Saturday morning. A short time before her death, she said that the blow which rendered Hogan helpless was struck by Jane Ward. Brown did not strike him at all, but while he was still alive, helped to throw him over the bridge.*

Donald A. McKenzie
Ottawa, Ontario

Not-so-sweet surrender

In "A Line in the Water: The Squabble over the Northwest Angle" [April/May 2003], the last sentence says, "Canada has won one round: in 1925 the United States gave up its hectare of bog on upper Angle Inlet, the only surrender of American land in U.S. history." Ms Robertson is likely not familiar with the transference of U.S. land to Mexico that was commenced by then-president John F. Kennedy and Mexico's president Adolfo Lopez Mateos in June 1962 to resolve the century-old dispute surrounding the El Chamizal district of El Paso, Texas. On August 29, 1963 an agreement was reached between Mexico and the United States that was signed into law by President Lyndon Johnson in December 1963, which gave the district to Mexico.

The controversy began in 1895 when Pedro Ignacio Garcia, a resident of Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, filed a lawsuit against the United States claiming the land belonged to Mexico. It was a brush-covered no-man's land then, but since has become the residence of some 5,600 people, mostly Hispanic U.S. citizens. The agreement required the U.S. to relocate about 5,000 of these people inside the new border of the U.S. The net gain to Mexico was 437 acres of land. You may wish to read the entire account, which can be found at the website <http://crm.cr.nps.gov/archive/20-11/20-11-4.pdf>.

I was living in my native state (Republic) of Texas when this occurred and remember there was much controversy over Johnson signing this land over to Mexico. Many people were upset by this action and voiced their opposition via newspaper and TV.

Richard Walters
Courtright, Ontario

Bargain ...

We disagree with your author's conclusion that the Northwest Angle "makes no geographical or political sense." Clearly it was the intention of the 1783 treaty drafters that the United States have access to Lake of the Woods near its northwest corner. The Angle gives us this opportunity. Otherwise, we'd have to access it from the southern shores of the Lake on mainland Minnesota.

Canadians got the better of the deal. Had the head of the Mississippi been north of the 49th parallel (instead of south of it), we Americans would have gained a larger chunk of your country – that part from the northwest corner of the Angle to the Mississippi River and due south to the 49th parallel. So we think you got away with it cheap!

Aaron & Lori Maslow
Brooklyn, New York

... or deception?

In her article, Heather Robertson may be correct in stating that the boundary surveyors in 1823 had "missed the true northwestern point" of Lake of the Woods, but not in "a bay misleadingly named Shoal Lake."

Historically, Shoal Lake (Lac Plat) has always been considered a separate body of water from Lake of the Woods. At the time of the boundary surveys there was a drop of some nine feet at the Ash Rapids, the outlet from Shoal Lake into Ptarmigan Bay of Lake of the Woods. In the 1890s this impediment to navigation was removed by blasting a channel through the rock, lowering the level of Shoal Lake to that of Lake of the Woods and greatly facilitating boat traffic between Rat Portage and the Mikado Mine on Shoal Lake's north shore.

Interestingly, the true northwestern point may well have been at the west end of Ptarmigan Bay, northeast of Shoal Lake, but that large bay appears to have been mysteriously omitted from the maps available to the boundary surveyors. Did map maker David Thompson deliberately deceive his American counterparts to limit the extent of their land claim? This question deserves further study.

Alan L. Crossin
Winnipeg, Manitoba

I wonder wonder wonder wonder who ...

Who wrote the book of love? You will, actually. British Columbia authors Paul and Audrey Grescoe are editing a collection of Canadian letters, past and present, that express love in all its guises – romantic, maternal, filial, fraternal, etc. – that is scheduled to appear in book form in 2004. And they are, of course, looking for said *billets doux* and *billets* not-quite-so *doux* but loving nonetheless. When last we sent out Gutenbergian smoke signals along these lines – for the Grescoes' *Book of War Letters: 100 Years of Private Canadian Correspondence* (scheduled for release by McClelland & Stewart in October) – *Beaver* readers responded in spades. Now's your chance to do it again. Comb that attic, trawl that family album, and send your archival words of love with your usual communication coordinates to: The Book of Love Letters, Box 1-33, Bowen Island, B.C. V0N 1G0.

Who's knows? Your grandfather's mash notes may wind up in print.

Take the day off

August 5: To mark Sir Humphrey Gilbert's taking formal possession of Newfoundland – England's first possession in the New World – in the name of Elizabeth I in 1583. Plant a flag, any flag.

August 27: To observe the founding in 1793 of the town of York by the lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe. Forty-one years later, York becomes Toronto. Enter into a love-hate relationship.

September 5: To note Igor Gouzenko's defection from the Soviet embassy in Ottawa in 1945 with documents illustrating Soviet espionage activities. Comrades! Vigilantly monitor activities of moose and squirrel!

September 22: To celebrate the arrival in New France 350 years ago of Marguerite Bourgeoys, founder of the Congrégation de Notre-Dame de Montréal, the first religious order established in Canada. Take a vow.

Resident artisan Jeremy Ward and artisan interpreter Rhonda MacIsaac form the sides of the Montreal canoe.

CANADIAN CANOE MUSEUM

Replication for the nation

They're ingenious bits of engineering, really: A wooden frame driven into an envelope of birchbark, and one of them could carry three tons of provisions and another ton of human beings down the rivers and streams from Montreal to Lake Superior and not (in most cases) meet with disaster. Laden, they were at times barely fifteen centimetres above the water line. But the eleven-metre-long *canot du maître* – the Montreal canoe – was a mainstay of the fur trade for nearly two centuries until the North West Company amalgamated with the HBC and trade shifted to Hudson Bay. Now, as part of its visiting artisans program, Peterborough, Ontario's Canadian Canoe Museum has been making – and is about to launch – one of the first Montreal canoes constructed as it would have been in the eighteenth century. Under the supervision of resident artisan Jeremy Ward, and in full view of gallery visitors, staff and volunteers have spent the last five months converting tree byproducts into a grand canoe, and carving paddles, sewing clothes, and creating other accompanying accoutrements of the voyageur. In early fall, the canoe will hit the waters around Peterborough for everyone to see. It's all part of the museum's endeavor to document the construction of traditional watercraft, which in coming years will include Inuit kayak builders, dugout canoe builders from the Pacific Rim, and canoe builders from other traditions. More information is available at <www.canoemuseum.net>.

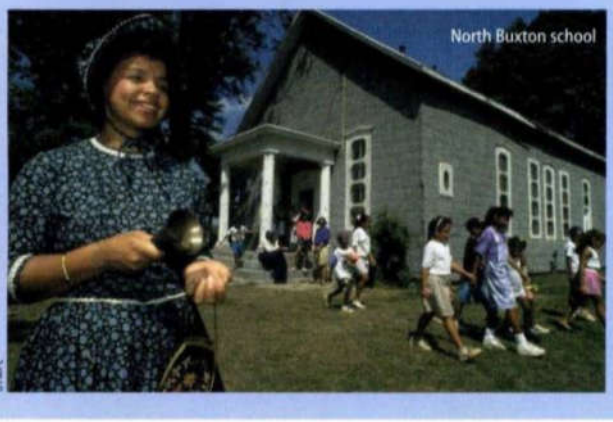
Masks woo Brits

Canada's First Nations culture has captured imaginations in London thanks to paired exhibitions that weave the past with the present. The Canadian High Commission and the upscale Fortnum and Mason department store have created complementary exhibits, jointly called "Realm of the Spirits," to showcase West Coast native art and culture. Canada House off Trafalgar Square is hosting a small exhibit of historical native artifacts – hunting gear, ceremonial masks, bowls, hats, pipes, spoons, and a bone harpoon head from Captain Cook's 1778 voyage to the Pacific Northwest – until January 16. Many of the thirty-eight traditional items, loaned by the National Museums of Scotland, were originally collected by Scots who explored and migrated across Canada in the nineteenth century.

This display provided a historical context for a month-long "selling exhibition" of contemporary masks at Fortnum and Mason earlier this summer. Twenty-five wood-carved masks and six bronzes by Canada's leading native master carvers – including the late Bill Reid as well as a younger generation of artists – were on sale for $1,000 to $50,000. This was the first major

Only connect

Casting your eyes over the many thousands of words in this magazine is one way of connecting to Canada's past. Another way might be rising from the La-Z-Boy, getting out of the house, and connecting to it in a more tangible way – visiting museums, historic sites, historic reenactments, and the like. Hardly a novel idea; all that stuff is out there waiting for you. It's just that pesky organizing thing if you want to do something a little more than spend the afternoon at the point of interest in your own community. Where to go? What to do? Where to stay? What to eat? Other jurisdictions (Europe comes to mind) have history travel refined to a *T*. Canada, it seems, is just getting into it. If Ontario is your destination this summer or fall, you can book a history-linked weekend getaway that includes accommodation, nosh, as well as cruises, concerts, even a little something like golf on the side. You could, for instance, do an Underground Railroad weekender that takes you to Uncle Tom's Cabin in Dresden, to the historic black settlement at nearby North Buxton, and gives you time for some nonhistorical fun at the harness races. Or visit heritage homesteads around Niagara-on-the-Lake paired with some wine-tasting. Or take in Kingston's Fort Henry with a 1000 Islands cruise option. Sounds better than a lit cigarette in the eye to us. Oodles of information is available at <www.journeysofdiscovery.ca> or by calling 1-800-668-2746.



North Buxton school

©TMPC

exhibit of West Coast native art in Britain.

Such overseas interest bodes well for First Nations artists, who increasingly find their artwork in demand abroad. "Nowadays this art is really getting out there," Tahltan/Tlingit carver Dempsey Bob said. "People are seeking information and knowledge about what our people did."

These masks offer an insight into Canada's native peoples. "They say when we use our masks, our culture comes to life," said Bob, who blessed the exhibit with a ceremonial song and dance at the opening.

The colourful masks proved so popular that four were sold even before the exhibition opened – which was little surprise to Fortnum and Mason.

"They're dramatic, they're different," managing director Stuart Gates said. "They're not scary or anything, just distinct."

—Doug Alexander

Website of the month

Well, this one was hours o' fun. Montreal's venerable McCord Museum along with the equally venerable New Brunswick Museum and also the e.v. Musée acadien of the Université de Moncton have put their heads together and come up with a swell website called Keys to History (which you can find by following the links at <**http://www.mccord-museum.qc.ca/**>). Likely because photography is a post-1830 phenomenon, and the McCord has a superb collection of photographs, the focus of the website is Canadian history after 1840, divided neatly into periods marked by significant events such as the Act of Union, Confederation, the turn of the century, World War I, etc. Each period is divided into Major Events ("Forging the National Dream," for instance) and Everyday Life (such as "Cures and Quackery: The Rise of Patent Medicines"). The charm lies in the PowerPoint-like presentation of each topic. A darkened room would be an asset as the vintage photographs, paintings, and other illustrations ebb and flow, and a mellifluous narrator gives you the scoop on some aspect of Canadian history. Particularly absorbing are the social history segments – such as the rise of middle-class consumerism in the late Victorian period and its effect in "Crowding the Parlour," and circumscribed female lives in "Straightlaced: Restrictions on Women." Photo and historical artifact aficionados will also find Keys to History a useful portal to the McCord's extensive collections as well as to those of the participating New Brunswick institutions. Oh, and there's a great for-further-reading section, too.

If it's not Scottish ...

Lord Selkirk

BEAVER COLLECTION

Thomas Douglas, 5th Earl of Selkirk, is probably best known for the colony he founded in Red River, in what is now Manitoba, in 1812. Perhaps less well remembered is that he earned his chops in the whole settle-displaced-Highlanders-in-British-North-America business nine years earlier in Prince Edward Island. In early August 1803, some eight hundred Scots, most of them from Skye, sailed into Orwell Bay and settled at Belfast – today a village twenty-seven kilometres southeast of Charlottetown. Although they struggled to adapt themselves to their new surroundings, they had quicker success settling in than Selkirk's later colonists in Baldoon, Upper Canada, and Red River. Today many of their descendants still reside in the Belfast area, though heaps have gone hither and yon.

Well, it's two hundred years later. No surprise then that this August 6 to 10, to mark the bicentenary of the Selkirk settlers' arrival in PEI, the Belfast district has scheduled a festival of all things Scottish, including an invitation to all those Campbells, Hendersons, Frazers, Camerons, Munros, and McSoandsos by the score to come to the Island and sample the haggis, bare their knees (perhaps at the annual kilted classic golf tournament), and toss a caber or two. Special attention is being paid to genealogy: outside a reconstructed nineteenth-century crofter's cottage, Belfast families' family trees will be exposed root and branch with helpful genealogists in attendance to answer those FAQs and help you find your twig. The Past is Before Us is the Belfast Historical Society's motto. Never will it be moreso than in Kings County, PEI, this August.

Quebec's Education Revolution

Sixty years ago, in the Catholic school system in Quebec, less than half of students stayed in school to grade 7 – even though in 1943 school was declared mandatory until age fourteen. Only a quarter went to grade 8. Only 2 percent reached grade 12. And only 3 percent of francophones aged twenty to twenty-four attended university.

Postsecondary education was reserved for a privileged minority who started university two years later than English-speaking students. There was a big difference between men and women, too: more girls than boys graduated from high school, yet a significantly greater number of young men than women received a postsecondary education. Young women could always go to family institutes (domestic-science high schools) but they were unlikely to go to classical colleges, the private fee-based schools administered by the church, from which one had the greatest opportunity to enter university.

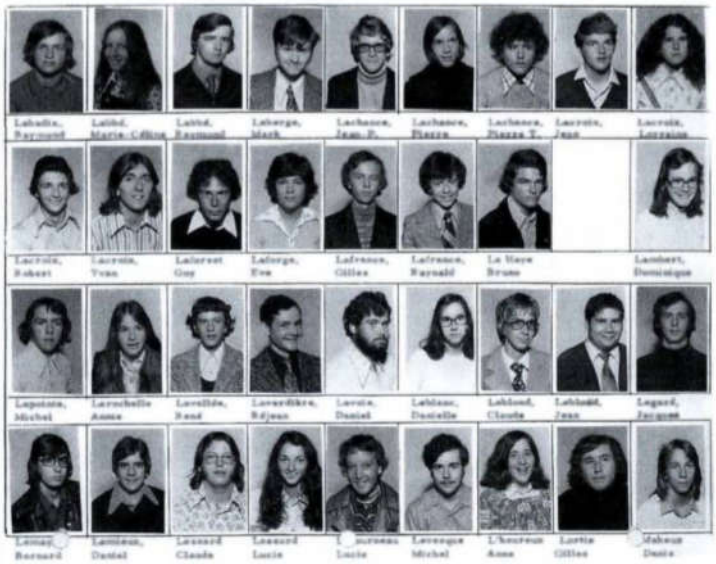
In addition to poor attendance and gender inequality, there were other problems. Many elementary teachers' training programs were inadequate. The education system lacked coordination; responsibility was held in too many hands. The school system operated under the Department of Instruction and was managed by a superintendent of public instruction. There was no education ministry, and the superintendent was more or less the instrument of two committees, one Catholic, the other Protestant. As well, Quebec had two independent school systems: one Catholic, for the Franco-Catholic majority, and another Protestant, for the principally anglophone minority.

Through the late 1940s and 1950s, there was growing concern about modernizing and reforming the school system. But it wasn't until the Liberals took power in 1960 that reform began. Guided by Paul-Gérin Lajoie and Arthur Tremblay, the dynamic minister and deputy minister of youth, the government declared that education was to be accessible at all levels, to all, regardless of social background. They made it mandatory for children to stay in school for fifteen years; they decided that school would be free up to grade 11 – before 1964, parents paid a fee. The Liberals increased funding to school boards (councils), gave an allowance to parents of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old students, and created a system of loans and bursaries for university and college students. Then, in March 1961, they created the Commission d'enquête Parent – the Royal Commission on Education in the Province of Quebec, better known as the Parent Commission.

Presided over by Monsignor Alphonse-Marie Parent, the Parent Commission, comprising well-known people who represented a number of Quebec social groups, was charged with studying the organization and financing of education in Quebec and presenting its recommendations to the minister. This mandate yielded a five-volume report released over a three-year period. The first was made public forty years ago.

The influence of its numerous recommendations and the extent of their application were unprecedented in the history of Royal Commissions in Canada. Education would henceforth be managed by the

Freshman class, CEGEP, 1973–1974.



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state under the jurisdiction of an education ministry instead of the Catholic and Protestant churches. Levels of education were modified. Elementary school, though it remained at six years, required a mandatory year of kindergarten beforehand. High schools offered a double alternative: either general studies for five years, or a short or long apprenticeship in an industrial arts program, with both programs offered in the same schools, the *écoles polyvalentes* (multi-track schools) that were progressively being established starting in 1968. After 300 years of service, classical colleges were now being replaced by general and vocational studies colleges, the CEGEPs (*collèges d'enseignement général et professionnel*), which were created in 1967. The CEGEPs prepared students for either university studies or the work force through two- or three-year programs. The diploma of Collegial Studies, issued on graduation from CEGEP, also became mandatory for anglophone students in Quebec, who could no longer go directly from high school to university.

There were also numerous changes in universities. The bachelor's degree replaced the *licence*, the old first graduate degree. Inspired by the American education system, the new university degrees signalled increasingly specialized courses of study. The masters and doctorate remained as the second and third levels of higher education.

In fact, these new measures established a public education system that was unified, free up to university, and administered under the authority of a minister of education. In the spirit of the commission, the new measures were modern, democratic, respectful of the particularities of Quebec society, provided equal access to education to all according to their abilities and aspirations, and would prepare individuals to live in society.

Programs and teaching methods were also modified to be better adapted to children's general and continuous development. Frameworks defined the objectives that had to be reached for elementary and secondary levels, as well as the mandatory subjects to be taught. In the classroom, active education methods were favoured.

From then on, all future teachers would be trained in universities. The many small regional teacher colleges were deemed outdated, and the commissioners realized it was necessary to properly recognize teaching as a valuable profession to prevent isolation of primary teachers. As well, because there were not enough universities to accommodate all these new students, it was proposed that another university be created in regional centres. This recommendation would be realized with the establishment of Université du Québec campuses, the first provincial university. Its Montreal (UQAM) and regional locations opened in 1969.

With the creation of a new department of education and the Conseil supérieur de l'éducation, an autonomous and advisory body of members of various groups of Quebec society, educational structures were reorganized. To keep alive a tradition of over three centuries with the Catholic authorities, who were definitively losing their education privileges, the school system maintained its religious connection. Two committees, one Catholic and one Protestant, would be responsible for religious and moral education. School boards were still religious, particularly the large Commission scolaire des écoles de Montréal (Montreal School Board) whose religious status was guaranteed by Order 93 of the Constitution of 1867. Although the new education system was essentially public, private schools were also supported and specifically recognized in the preamble of *Act 60* of 1964, the law that created the Ministry of Education. Private institutions that had been declared of public interest received significant government support to ensure their survival and development. In 1970, 60,000 students, or 3.7 percent of all Quebec students from kindergarten to collegiate, were registered in private schools; by 1983, this had grown to 108,000 or 8.3 percent.

But those within the public system benefited most from increased access to education. Progress was impressive. In the early 1960s, only 30 percent of registered students in grade 1 reached grade 9, and 14 percent reached grade 11. In 1985, thanks to the numerous *polyvalent* secondary schools throughout the province, 72 percent received their secondary education diploma. The CEGEPs attracted more and more young people. Three quarters of collegiate students were in fact the first in their families to attain such levels of education. Thanks to the expanded university network, particularly in the regions, the growth of registration in universities was even more significant. Barely 4 percent of students twenty to twenty-four years old went to university in 1960; that grew to 12 percent in 1977 and is at nearly 20 percent today.

Women benefited the most from this democratization of education. In colleges, women quickly outnumbered men. In universities, they went from 14 percent of the student population in 1961, to more than 50 percent in 1983, and that has since grown. Women, who used to study primarily education and social sciences, now outnumber men in the faculties of pharmacy, law, medicine, and optometry.

Despite the strong concern for a democratized education system outlined by the *Parent Report* and the different measures used to implement it, there have been certain problems. In practice, all social classes did not have the same access to education – young people from modest social backgrounds are still minorities underrepresented in universities. A dramatic dropout rate of 35 percent of secondary students in Montreal, remote areas, and amongst aboriginals continues to be a concern. One institution is also at risk of disappearing: the *polyvalent* schools. Not offering enough challenges and choices, they are being physically divided into separate general and vocational schools.

Despite these few problems, which are more likely symptomatic of new values and social realities in Quebec than of the difficulties caused by the expansion of education, the many recommendations contained in this authoritative document have been applied with positive results. Arguably, the Parent Report has done more than any other document to modernize and democratize Quebec society.

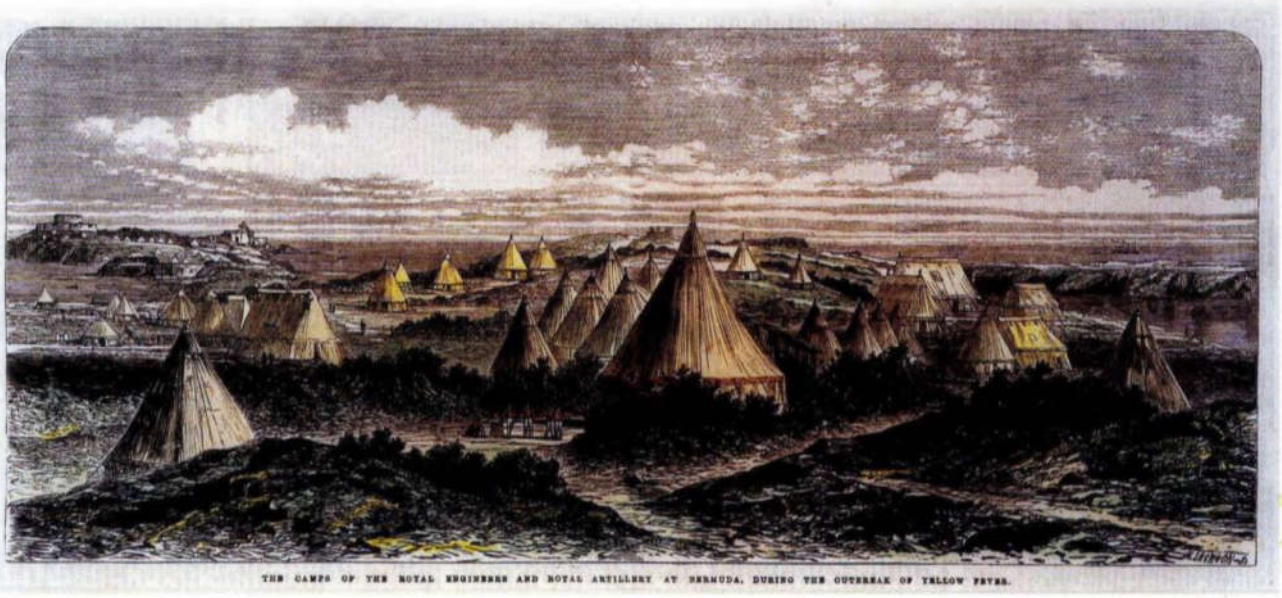
Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

Andrée Dufour is professor of history at CEGEP Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu, Quebec, and author of *Histoire de l'éducation au Québec* (Montréal, éditions du Boréal, 1997) and *Tous à l'école. État, communautés rurales et scolarisation au Québec de 1826 à 1859* (Montréal, Hurtubise-HMH, 1996).

In the post-September 11 age, no word elicits as chilling a shiver as **bioterrorism**. *Yet biological terror is hardly a novelty. The Assyrians in sixth century B.C. spiked their enemies' wells with a fungal growth that brought on death by convulsion or gangrene. Scythian archers dipped their arrows in blood and manure. Muslim Tartars in the 1340s were victorious in the Crimea after catapulting bubonic plague-infected bodies over town walls.*

The Yellow Fever Fiend

by Duncan McDowall



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE CAMPS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS AND ROYAL ARTILLERY AT BERMUDA, DURING THE OUTBREAK OF YELLOW FEVER.

A British Army encampment outside St. George, Bermuda, in 1862. Throughout the early and mid-nineteenth century, epidemics of typhoid and yellow fever swept through Bermuda and troops were moved to tent villages to escape the contagions' appalling effects.

British officers brought devastation to natives in the Ohio Valley during the French and Indian War of the 1760s by distributing smallpox-infected blankets.

Germ warfare, however, has figured little in Canadian history. Natural epidemics – smallpox in Montreal in 1885; the Spanish flu in 1918 – have more engaged our social historians. Few choose to remember when Canadians were implicated in a **manmade** *epidemic.*

The spring of 1865 brought just one such dark moment.

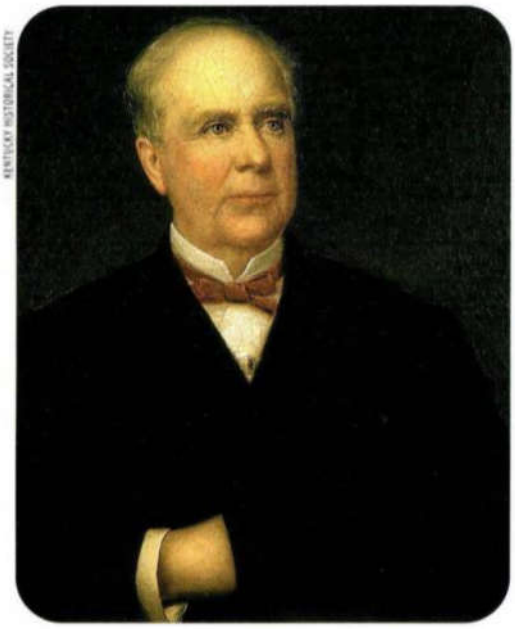
The disease was yellow fever.

The target was the United States.

In July 1864, yellow fever was back with a vengeance in Bermuda. With its humid, hot climate, the British colony, a backwater a thousand kilometres off the Carolinas, had always been an incubator of the disease, and its history as Britain's "Gibraltar of the West" was punctuated with epidemics. When the first symptoms were spotted that month in the capital, St. George, suspicion fell on the recently arrived brig *Lillian*. Town officials ineptly swung into action. A quarantine station was opened. The town council reconstituted itself as a board of health and the coroner set about his grim work. Medical opinion in the nineteenth century held that yellow fever was something that one caught from the air or by close contact with infected articles. The so-called "fomites theory" seemed to be borne out by empirical observation. In places where people lived cheek by jowl, the incidence of fever death seemed highest. Thus, the crowded British military barracks in Bermuda seemed to be death traps. In keeping with the fomite theory, every effort was made to minimize contact with the infected – houses were fumigated and bedding burned.

But the epidemic continued unabated. Its spread seemed to be accel-

St. George Harbour, 1860s.



A physician active in the battle against epidemics in the nineteenth-century, Luke Pryor Blackburn (1816–1887) used his knowledge to malignant intent as a supporter of the Confederate cause in the American Civil War, plotting via Canada to seed Northern towns with yellow-fever-infected bedding and clothing. He rehabilitated his reputation during Reconstruction and in 1879 was voted Democratic governor of Kentucky, where he is best remembered for a legacy of liberal prison reform.

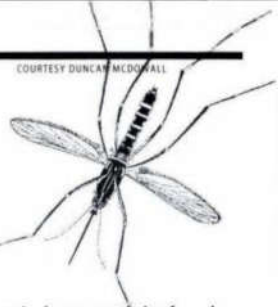
erated by St. George's newfound prosperity as a base for Confederate ships running the Northern blockade of Southern ports in the American Civil War. With its deep, sheltered harbour, St. George was ideally situated as a base for the swashbuckling crews of the fast steam packets that dashed the thousand kilometres across the Gulf Stream into Wilmington and Charleston in the Carolinas. Bearing names like *Robert E. Lee*, the blockade runners were stealth ships, designed to evade federal warships. They were rakishly low to the water, fitted with collapsing funnels, and painted in flat greys, all to reduce detection. From their holds, they brought out cotton that they exchanged in the safety of St. George harbour for the wares of war bought in England with cotton profits.

Though London avowed neutrality, the British governor of Bermuda turned a blind eye to the Confederate presence. Norman Walker of Virginia, the Confederate agent in Bermuda, raised the Confederate flag at his cottage and toasted Jefferson Davis at dinner parties. Charles Allen of Massachusetts, the North's agent, seethed. But as far as Bermudians were concerned, it was all good for business. Wages on the docks soared. Grog shops, prostitution, and cheap hotels sprang up. Local merchants jacked up prices.

Then yellow fever broke out. The pulse of commerce slowed. Blockade runners were quarantined. Into this funereal environment arrived Dr. Luke Pryor Blackburn. The forty-eight-year-old Kentucky doctor had graduated from Transylvania College and had gone on to make a name for himself as the health officer for the Mississippi city of Natchez, where his rigorous quarantine had seemed to stall yellow fever. Further study in Paris and practice in New Orleans reinforced his repute. Battling against cholera in Kentucky and yellow fever on Long Island made Blackburn one of America's leading epidemiologists. En route, he found time to sit in the Kentucky legislature. In 1862 he rallied to Dixie's cause, joining the Confederate surgeon-general's staff, where he specialized in setting up floating hospitals on the Mississippi. In 1863, the governor of Mississippi sent him to Canada to buy supplies for the rebel blockade runners.

It was from Halifax that Blackburn came to Bermuda at the height of the yellow fever outbreak in September 1864. He came as a seeming good Samaritan, bearing an introduction from Canada's governor general, Lord Monck, attesting to his *bona fides* as an epidemic fighter. For a month, Blackburn ministered to the

The Scourge of Yellow Fever

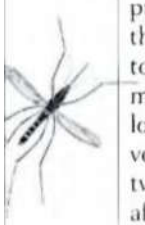


COURTESY DUNCAN MCDONALD

Aedes aegypti, the female mosquito, the primary vector for the viruses that cause yellow fever. The species can be found throughout most tropical to subtropical world regions. In the 1950s and 1960s, efforts to eradicate the mosquito in many parts of the world were successful, but by the end of the 1970s, with insecticides like DDT banned, many countries became reinfested. Today, however, Bermuda remains free of the species.

Death by yellow fever was horrible. The fever's various nicknames – "Yellow Jack", "the yellow scourge" – hinted at its nastiness. The fever creeps on its victim in stages. At first, there is lassitude, pain in the muscles and joints, and chills. Then comes intense pain in the head, a quickened pulse, dry skin, and the covering of the tongue with a whitish mucus. Delirium follows. Nausea and vomiting begin about twenty-four hours after the onset. Usually about the third day, the victim appears to regain some bodily composure. A lucky handful at this point recuperate. Most, however, are soon plunged into fits of projectile vomiting of blood-blackened fluid. Terrible convulsions follow. The victim often locks his grip onto nearby furniture. Sweat and vomit soak the bed. Then the victim becomes insensible, the tongue turns vivid red, and death claims its tribute, usually on the fifth day.

—D.M.



people of St. George. As Charles Allen noted: "He refused all offers of a pecuniary nature ... being desirous of benefitting this community." Then he departed on the Halifax steamer, bearing a cane presented to him by Bermudians as a token of their gratitude. By October, the yellow fever had exhausted itself.

Six months later, just days after the Confederate surrender at Appomattox, Allen received a surreptitious visit from a person "intimate in the office of N.S. Walker," the Confederate agent in St. George. There had been more to Blackburn's charity than met the eye, Allen learned to his horror. Supposedly, the Confederate government had dispatched the doctor to Bermuda to collect yellow-fever-infected bedding and clothes that would then be used to seed the fever in the Northern states. There was proof, the informant suggested, but that would cost Allen $200. Allen paid. Immediately, Allen alerted Secretary of State William H. Seward in Washington of the danger. He then went to the town officials of St. George. A search was made of the home of a townsman, Edward Cork Swan. There a grisly discovery was made: three trunks crammed full of vomit-caked and sweat-soaked bedding, clothing, and poultices gathered the previous year by Blackburn, who had paid Swan to store them.

The trunks were awaiting shipment to Northern cities where Confederate agents were to plant them near hospitals and missions, in which invalided federal troops would die like flies once the fever was loose among them. Given such flagrant a breach of the colony's neutrality, Swan was placed on trial and given a four-month sentence. The sinister trunks were burned by the health officer. But Dr. Blackburn was long gone.

News of the Blackburn Plot burst dramatically in North America. April 1865 was a month of high drama. In the United States, peace had quickly been followed by Lincoln's assassination. The search was on for John Wilkes Booth. The country was rife with conspiracy theories. The New York papers immediately vilified Blackburn as a "monster" and as the "yellow fever fiend." Police rounded up the usual Confederate suspects.* Everywhere, Americans dreaded the outbreak of yellow fever.

North of the border, the mood was equally tense. British North America's relations with the victorious northern states were strained. Like Bermudians, Canadians had observed an official neutrality in the Civil War, but had leaned toward Dixie. When a federal warship intercepted the British mail ship *Trent* on the high seas off Cuba in 1861 and took two Confederate agents travelling aboard her prisoner, Canadians were outraged. The Yankees had their grievances too. In the fall of 1864, Canada had been used as a staging base for a raid on St. Alban's, Vermont. Soon after, the Americans announced that they would abrogate the prosperity-inducing 1854 reciprocity treaty with Canada. Diplomatic notes bounced back and forth across the border. The Americans suspected that the Canadians were harbouring Southern sympathizers. There were rumours, for instance, that "Greek Fire" (an early type of napalm) was been readied in Canada for attacks on the United States. Washington demanded tighter passport controls and began applying beefy tariffs on Canadian exports.

In Ottawa, Governor General Monck could feel the American heat. There were rumours that associates of the assassin Booth were lurking in Canada; two trunks purportedly belonging to Booth turned up in Rimouski. Monck's family urged the governor general to keep a low public profile; one worried that Booth was out there, ready to "dagger him." Irish Fenians added to the tension by using the United States as base to probe the Canadian border with armed sallies. On the home front, the Quebec Resolutions – the basis of Confederation – were being delicately nursed through the Assembly. Eager to normalize relations with Washington,

*In Washington, a Canadian-born herbalist, Dr. Francis Tumblety, was dragged in and quizzed before being released. Twenty years later, Tumblety would resurface in England as one of the Jack-the-Ripper suspects.

Monck sensed the need to placate the Yankees and, when reports of Blackburn's arrival in Canada reached him, he acted quickly.

A Toronto detective, Francis McGarry, found Blackburn in Montreal and brought him back to Toronto in mid-May. Affidavits were collected from Blackburn's accomplices. The key evidence came from a Toronto man, Godfrey Francis Hyams, who said that Blackburn had recruited him into the plot early in 1864 in a Toronto hotel room with promises of money –"$100,000 or ten times more"– and "more honour and glory than even General Lee." McGarry and Hyams suggested that Blackburn had returned from Bermuda with between eight and ten infected trunks. These were then smuggled to Boston by Hyams, who then arranged for them to be forwarded for distribution to the cities of Washington, Norfolk, and New Bern. A leather valise smeared with yellow fever effluent was added to the shipment. Hyams was told that it was somehow to be given to Lincoln, Blackburn's Kentucky compatriot, as a gift. Hyams was told "to smoke strong cigars and to chew camphor" to ward off the fever oozing from his cargo. On May 25, a Toronto police magistrate committed Blackburn for trial on a charge of hatching a conspiracy in Canada against the United States and thereby breaking Canada's neutrality laws.

Toronto was electrified. The *Globe* was apoplectic: "a more inhumane and dastardly mode of assailing a belligerent was never heard of in the annals of barbarism." Evidence of the three Bermuda trunks was trotted out as corroboration of the Canadian charge. The solicitor general of the colony told Monck that the case was "triable" and that there was "little doubt about *the facts*." Canada waited for justice to be done.

But it never was. In late October, the Crown stayed proceedings against Blackburn, stating that the evidence against him, mostly circumstantial, was "by no means sufficient." The yellow fever trunks, the crucial pieces of evidence, had disappeared across the border and, lawyers advised, it would be difficult to prosecute Blackburn in Ontario for a plot that was largely executed in the jurisdiction of another colony, Nova Scotia. Monck advised London that this was a discharge, not an acquittal, but nonetheless Blackburn walked. That there had been no yellow fever outbreak in the eastern United States was perhaps the most telling point in his favour. The public mood soon subsided.

Luke Blackburn lingered in Canada until 1867; the reunited United States could hardly have seemed like home to him. He then slipped back into his native land and farmed in Arkansas for five years before returning to Louisville to practise medicine. He reinitiated his campaign against yellow fever, battling epidemics in Memphis and Florida. His eminence restored, Blackburn announced in 1878 that he would run for state governor. In the middle of his campaign he left the hustings to battle a yellow fever outbreak in Hickman, on the Mississippi. "The Hero of Hickman" was swept to victory in 1879 and remained governor until 1883. Kentuckians remember him best as "lenient Luke," the author of a liberal reform of the state prisons. Since his death in 1887, Blackburn has worn the mantle of Southern sainthood, although some websites include him in lists of "politicians who went wrong."

Elsewhere, the Blackburn Plot faded from memory. In Bermuda, 1864 proved to be the last great yellow fever epidemic. With peace in America, the blockade runners and the prosperity they had brought to the colony disappeared; St. George returned to its sleepiness. A decade later Mark Twain complained that it was a dreary hole where the lone hotel served him "ironclad chicken."

Perhaps the real villain in what the *Globe* described as "one of the most fiendish plots ever concocted by the wickedness of man" buzzed away, undetected and undisciplined. The Blackburn Plot and indeed the horrified reaction of its intended victims was based on a false assumption – that yellow fever was transmitted by contact with infection. The fomites theory had been universally accepted in the 1860s. Perhaps some wondered why all those trunks of seeming death had not spread contagion across the victorious North. How could Hyams have warded off the fever? Cigars and camphor? Or perhaps because there were no mosquitoes in the urban areas where he carried his filthy freight?

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 021006

Charles Stanley Monck, 4th Viscount Monck – governor general of British North America from 1861 to 1867 and governor general of Canada from 1867 to 1868 – with his family on the steps of Rideau Hall, which was purchased during his term as the official viceregal residence in Ottawa. The Irish-born peer is esteemed for his diplomatic skills in dealing with the serious Canadian-American tensions wrought by the Civil War and for overcoming opposition to Confederation in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

By the 1880s, a few intrepid medical men began to question the fomites theory. When, in 1881, Cuban-born, American-educated Dr. Carlos Finlay speculated that yellow fever was borne by mosquitoes, he was ridiculed as "the mosquito man." It took the American victory in the Spanish-American War to settle the issue. Faced with bringing stability to Cuba and the Philippines, American authorities began by focusing on health conditions. In 1900, the U.S. Army Yellow Fever Commission under surgeon Walter Reed identified the *aedes aegypti* mosquito as the yellow fever carrier. With miraculous quickness, yellow fever was banished from Cuba by draining and attacking the breeding grounds of the mosquito. Today, we malign the effects of insecticides like DDT, but in their time they were wonder chemicals that probably saved millions of lives.

Luke Blackburn provides us with a sad example of a "demon doctor"—a good doctor led astray by his patriotism. Fortunately, his plans were undone by a universal medical hallucination. We now live in a world accustomed to the march of medical progress. But ironically that progress could still be coopted by the same "wicked intent" that Detective McGarry reported to the Toronto Police Court in 1865. From Blackburn's yellow fever trunks to the anthrax envelopes of the post-September 11 age of terror is no great leap—except in biological knowledge.

Duncan McDowall teaches history at Carleton University. His book *Another World: Bermuda and the Rise of Modern Tourism* was published by Macmillan in 1999. He is now writing a history of Bermuda, 1609–2000. In over thirty-five visits to Bermuda, he has never succumbed to yellow fever.

et cetera

Luke Pryor Blackburn: Physician, Governor, Reformer **by Nancy Disher Baird. University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 1979.**

Demon Doctors: Physicians as Serial Killers **by Kenneth Iverson. Galen Press, Tucson, 2002.**

Canada and the United States: The Civil War Years **by Robin Winks. Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, 1960.**

Rogues & Runners: Bermuda and the American Civil War **by Catherine Lynch Deichmann. Bermuda National Trust, Bermuda, 2003.**

For the crusade against yellow fever in the late nineteenth century go to the University of Virginia Health Sciences Library's on-line Yellow Fever / Reed Commission Exhibit: <www.hsc.virginia.edu/hs-library/historical/yelfev/tabcon.html>.

by Eric Setliff

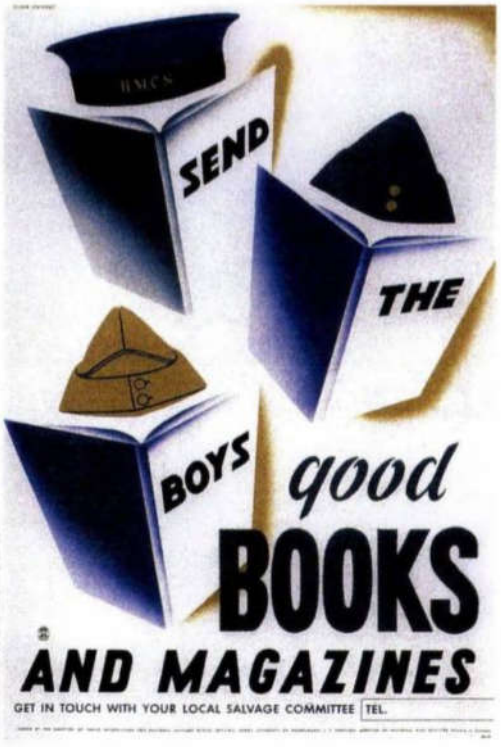
One man's belief that art could be married to commerce through impeccable graphic design has left a lasting visual legacy.

Master of Design: Clair Stewart's Modernist Mission

You probably haven't heard of Clair Stewart, but you definitely know his work. As a graphic designer and founder of the design firm behind the logos for companies ranging from Air Canada and CTV to the Montreal Expos and Laura Secord, Stewart probably did more to shape Canada's visual landscape than any other individual in the nation's history. From the start of his career in the 1930s, Stewart was a man with a clear mission. First, he was dedicated to modernist graphic design—the school of design that drew inspiration from modern art movements. Second, he was committed to the idea that Canada should develop its own design industry, rather than rely on work imported from the United States and other countries. His relentless pursuit of these goals over five decades helped revolutionize Canadian graphic design.

COURTESY CLAIR STEWART

THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-087134

The earliest surviving example of Clair Stewart's work is this Christmas card (above), created while he was still a student at the Ontario College of Art in 1931.

Interior (above, right) of a promotional folder for the Buntin Reid paper company, advertising its Challenge line of printing paper, c. 1938.

War poster (bottom right), c. 1941.

Born in the tiny town of Kenton, Manitoba, in 1910, the son of the Reverend Dr. R.G. Stewart, a Presbyterian minister, and Lena M. Stewart (née Johnston), Stewart and his family lived in Vancouver, Victoria, and Edmonton before settling in Belleville, Ontario, when he was in his teens. Stewart recalls that he was always interested in art, and, as high school graduation approached in 1928, he declared his intention to pursue a career as a graphic designer (or, in the terminology of the day, commercial artist). A career in the arts was practically unheard of in Canada during this period, and the field of commercial art seemed particularly unlikely and unstable. But Stewart was determined, and, over the objections of his father, who had hoped his son would follow him into the ministry, he enrolled at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto.

Stewart arrived at the College at an exciting time. By the late 1920s, several members of the legendary Group of Seven, who had tirelessly championed their vision of a distinctive and modern Canadian art since their first show in 1920, had colonized the institution. One of the most eloquent members of the Group, J.E.H. MacDonald, was principal, three other members of the Seven had recently taught at the school, and another, Franklin Carmichael, joined the faculty while Stewart was enrolled.

Stewart flourished at art school, encouraged by the faculty's respect for commercial

design and its openness to modern art. Immersing himself in European commercial art journals, he became a devotee of avant-garde British and French design, which had been rapidly developing since the war. Traditional commercial art since the nineteenth century had followed a formula whereby a realistic illustration, often narrative or sentimental in theme, was paired with text in a symmetrical arrangement, each isolated from the other. In the 1920s, modern designers such as Edward McKnight Kauffer and A.M. Cassandre – who worked in England and France, respectively, and were two of Stewart's favourites – were at the forefront of efforts to adapt elements of European modern art to create a new visual language. Instead of realistic illustration, modern designers used simplified, stylized forms and symbols – often inspired by the work of artists like Picasso, Matisse, and Miró – to convey the essence of the subject matter. And instead of strictly separating areas of image and text, modernists integrated the two into a dynamic continuum, often in witty ways.

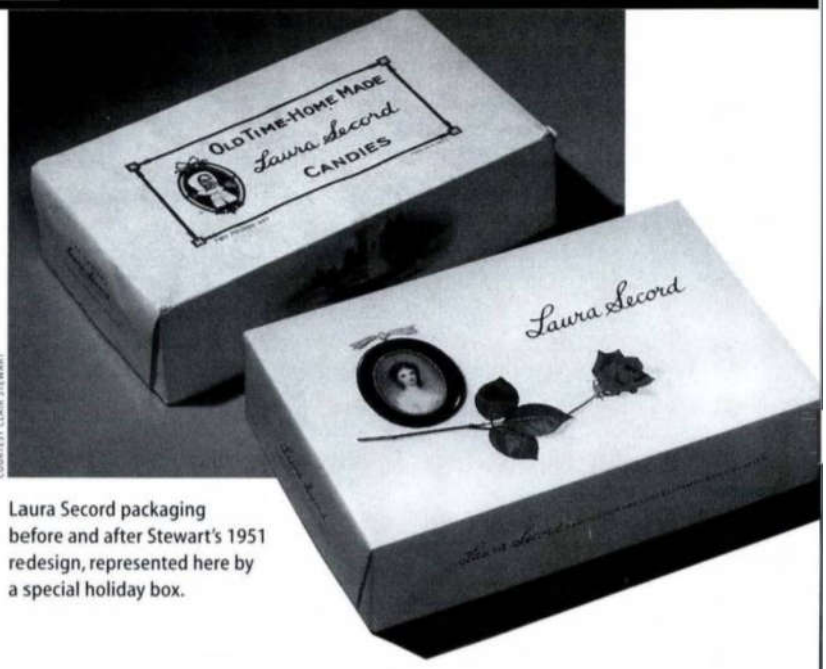
While at the college, Stewart also absorbed his professors' patriotic call for a uniquely Canadian art and design, but his plan to contribute to this mission was put on hold after his 1932 graduation. To his dismay, Stewart discovered that there were few opportunities in Toronto for a commercial artist. While there were a handful of jobs with engraving and printing firms, there was no such thing as a firm dedicated solely to graphic design. Stewart's solution, like that of many Canadian artists before him, was to relocate temporarily to England. The profession in London was highly developed and offered the prospect of working with designers who were at the forefront of the field.

In Britain, Stewart obtained a junior position at Askew Young, a leading commercial art studio. The firm employed about twenty-five people in offices located on the top storey of the highest building in London, Halifax House. Stewart was made assistant to the creative head of the firm, developing ideas into preliminary sketches that could then be presented to clients by the firm's sales staff.

Over the next three years, he received invaluable exposure to modern graphic design practices and techniques. In 1935, however, he returned to Toronto, his primary motivation being to reunite with Amy McLean, whom he had met while the two were still in their late teens. They married in 1937 (and would eventually raise a family of six children).

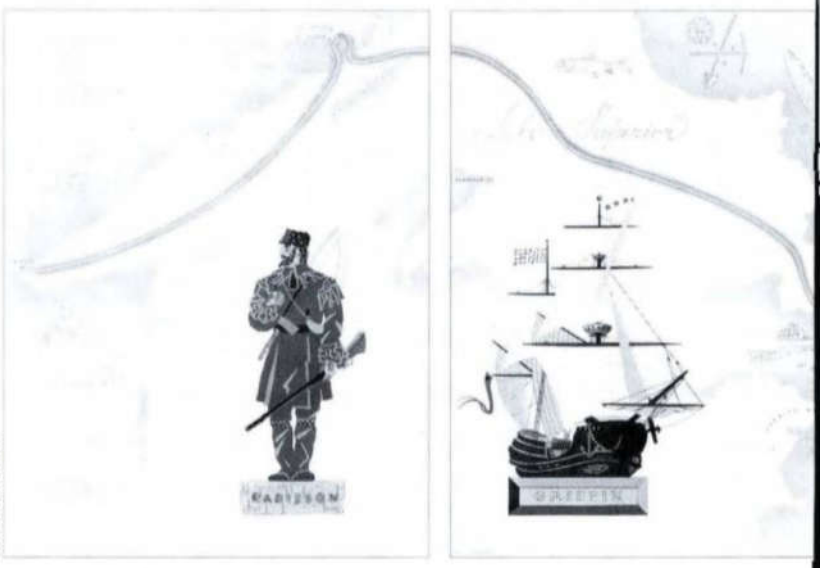
Back in the commercial art world of Toronto, Stewart found that little had changed since his college graduation. The Canadian design world remained small. Many important Canadian advertisers and publishers purchased art wholesale from American firms, forcing Canadian designers to continue to emigrate to countries with more opportunities. And the little work that was being produced in Canada was generally inspired by conservative American commercial art, which was slow to embrace the principles of modern European design. Critics in *Canadian Art*, writing just before and after the war, decried this state of affairs: Canadian design was "laborious" and "graphically antiquated," with "nothing at all" to distinguish it from the most conventional American work.

Fortunately, Stewart was able to find a niche at a firm that was anxious to explore new approaches. The owners of McLaren and McCall, a small Toronto advertising agency, were intrigued by modern design and



COURTESY CLAIR STEWART

Laura Secord packaging before and after Stewart's 1951 redesign, represented here by a special holiday box.



COURTESY CLAIR STEWART

Set of six menus from Canada Steamship Lines, 1946, forms a map of the Great Lakes.

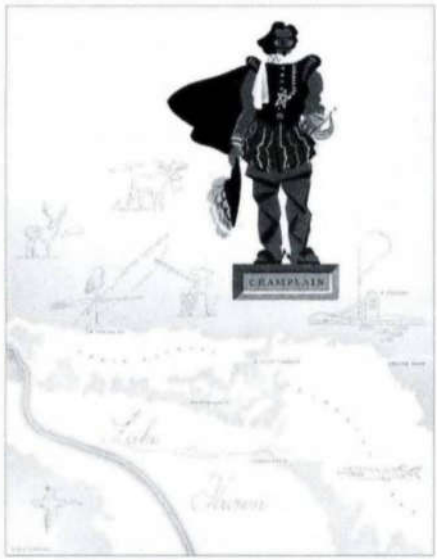
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
AUG.24 TORONTO SEPT.8

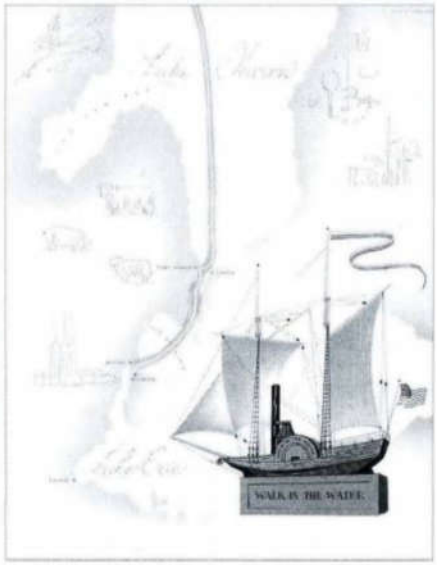
THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

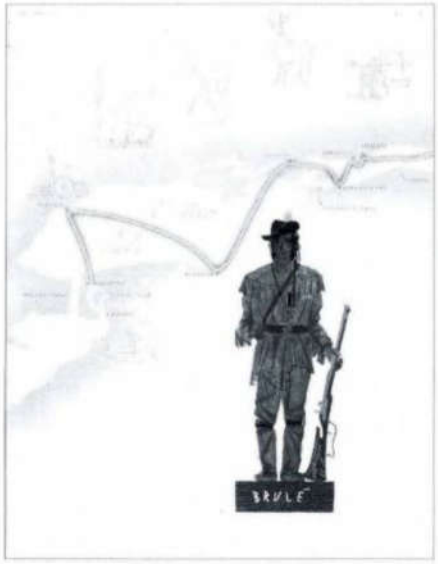
Poster for the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, 1951.

THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Corporate symbols and trademarks above and on the following pages, created by the designers of Stewart & Morrison from 1960 on. Though simple and intended to instantly communicate the nature of a company, design of these now widely recognized symbols involved vast research and imagination.







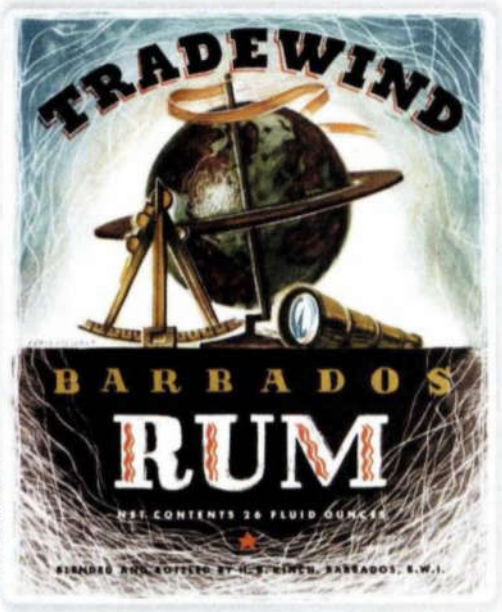
hired Stewart to head their art department. Over the next few years here, Stewart developed an aggressive approach, cold-calling potential clients and trying to sell his services. His work from this period, for companies including Imperial Oil and Birk's Jewellers, is among the most avant-garde Canadian design of the 1930s.

Stewart's progress at McLaren and McCall was cut short by the advent of World War II, which found him heading a camouflage unit in British Columbia and then training as a pilot in Ontario. His design during this period was limited to a few war posters for the federal government. With the war's end, however, Stewart finally found himself in a position from which he would be able to reshape the Canadian graphic design field. In 1945 he accepted a job as art director at Rolph Clark Stone Ltd., the largest printing firm in Canada, with plants in Toronto, Halifax, and Montreal. In contrast with other designers, most of whom worked freelance or at small studios, Stewart would now be supervising the design of vast quantities of printed material – advertising, packaging, calendars, menus, stationery, brochures, posters, and billboards – for Canada's largest companies, destined for distribution across the nation.

Because the firm's clients had traditionally been paying for printing and Rolph Clark Stone had essentially thrown in the design work for free, Stewart found that most of them paid little attention to design and designers. Nor did they understand what good design could mean for business.

Stewart immediately began overhauling and expanding the duties of the design department. First, he set out to establish the department as the main contact with the clients. "No one had made an effort to educate [clients]," Stewart recalls, and he confidently set out to do so. As a result, as he had done earlier at McLaren and McCall, Stewart found himself adding a sales dimension to his job. But instead of feeling frustrated by this situation, he found it invigorating, viewing it as a huge opportunity. "In what other country of equal size and importance," he asked, "is there such a growing, almost demanding need for good advertising design?"

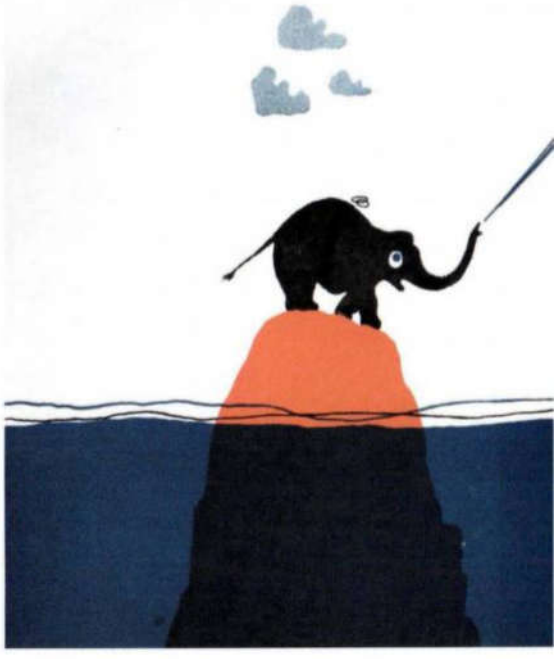
Among Stewart's first projects were labels for the Canadian wine industry. Approaching the president of one winery, Stewart explained "that his labels could look as good as the labels on imported wine." Within a few years, he and his staff were designing almost all of the wine labels in Canada. Another early target was Laura Secord, the national candy company: "I remember saying to the president of Laura Secord, 'I probably shouldn't say this, but your packages are awful.' He said, 'Well, then you



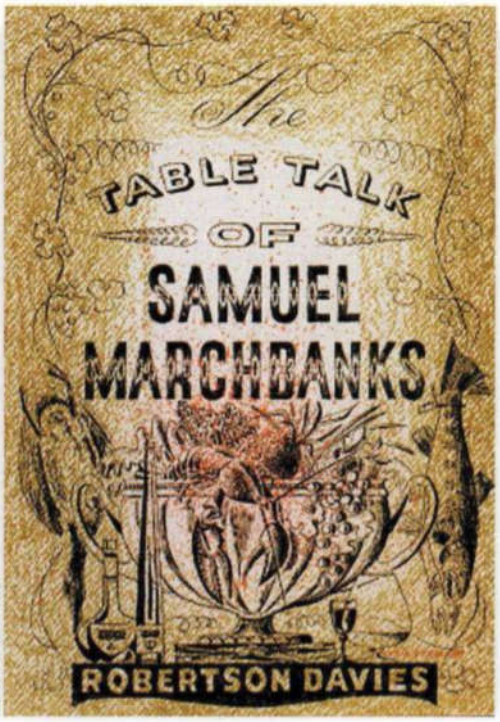
THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Label for liquor bottle, c. 1945.

THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

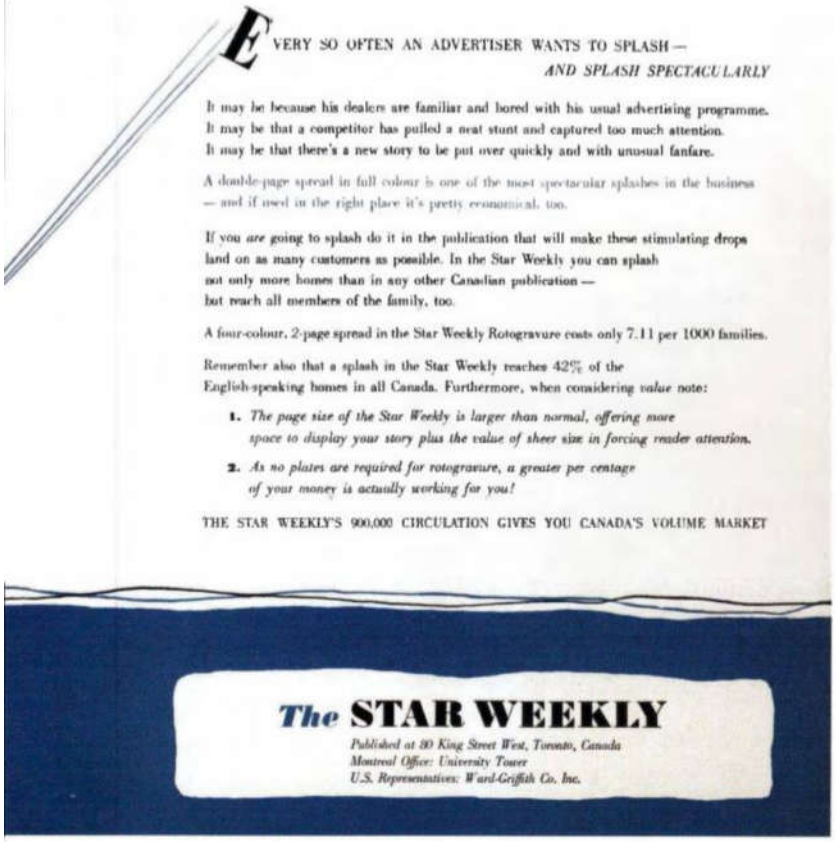


Interior page of a prospectus for the *Star Weekly*, the *Toronto Star*'s weekend magazine, 1948.



THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Dust jacket for *The Table Talk of Samuel Marchbanks*, 1949.


EVERY SO OFTEN AN ADVERTISER WANTS TO SPLASH —
AND SPLASH SPECTACULARLY
It may be because his dealers are familiar and bored with his usual advertising programme.
It may be that a competitor has pulled a neat stunt and captured too much attention.
It may be that there's a new story to be put over quickly and with unusual fanfare.
A double-page spread in full colour is one of the most spectacular splashes in the business — and if used in the right place it's pretty economical, too.
If you are going to splash do it in the publication that will make these stimulating drops land on as many customers as possible. In the Star Weekly you can splash not only more homes than in any other Canadian publication — but reach all members of the family, too.
A four-colour, 2-page spread in the Star Weekly Rotogravure costs only 7.11 per 1000 families.
Remember also that a splash in the Star Weekly reaches 42% of the English-speaking homes in all Canada. Furthermore, when considering value note:
1. The page size of the Star Weekly is larger than normal, offering more space to display your story plus the value of sheer size in forcing reader attention.
2. As no plates are required for rotogravure, a greater per centage of your money is actually working for you!
THE STAR WEEKLY'S 900,000 CIRCULATION GIVES YOU CANADA'S VOLUME MARKET
The STAR WEEKLY
Published at 80 King Street West, Toronto, Canada
Montreal Office: University Tower
U.S. Representatives: Ward-Griffith Co. Inc.

tell me what to do.'" Until this point, Stewart felt, the company's packages had been drab and old-fashioned. Stewart designed a more spare, delicate-looking package in white and sky blue and added his painting of a young woman in early-nineteenth-century costume. The new packaging was awarded a medal by the Art Directors' Club of Toronto in 1952, and the company remains dedicated to a variation on his design to the present day.

His successes soon convinced Stewart's employers at Rolph Clark Stone to give him full backing; as Stewart puts it, they "started to see the light." Stewart hired approximately twenty designers, and over the next fifteen years, he and his crew created work for some of Canada's biggest companies, including Canada Packers (Maple Leaf foods, etc.), Canada Steamship Lines, the CNE, the Ontario government, Salada, and the *Toronto Star*.

During this period, Stewart also spearheaded efforts to organize the graphic design profession in Canada. In 1948, he and a handful of other designers founded the Art Directors' Club of Toronto, modelling it after the professional organization for designers in New York. According to design historians, the club marked "an important step in the development of the design and advertising trades in Canada," successfully "awakening a public and professional awareness of quality in advertising in all its forms." The first organization of its kind in the nation, similar clubs soon sprang up in Montreal, Vancouver, and Winnipeg. Renamed the Advertising and Design Club of Canada in 1992, it has continued its activities without interruption to the present day.

Meanwhile, many of Stewart's ambitions for Canadian design were being realized. In 1954, *Graphis*, one of the premier international design journals, featured an article on Canada and, citing Stewart's work, declared that "great strides had been made" in Canadian graphic art. In 1960, the up-and-coming designer Theo Dimson reported that "the graphic designer, as an important creative communicator, is receiving greater acceptance in Canada today than ever before." This "present progressive state" of affairs, he continued, was the result of "a small group of enlightened men and women who during the 1930s rebelled against the confused, uninspired approach to graphic design" and "struggled to bring creativity, clarity and order to graphic problems." These men and women, with Stewart prominent among them, had been "very successful in their revolt."

By this time Stewart was looking ahead to the next step in the evolution of the Canadian graphic design industry. With Ted Morrison, one of the senior designers in his department,

he decided to leave Rolph Clark Stone and form a new company dedicated solely to design. It had become clear to Stewart that if Canadian designers wished to remain viable in the face of increasing American competition, they needed to operate such specialized firms. Stewart & Morrison was established in 1960 and is considered by design historian Robert Stacey to have been "arguably Canada's first truly modern graphic design outfit." Stewart served as president, Ted Morrison was vice-president, and a third partner, Rudy Eswarin, who had also worked at Rolph Clark Stone, soon joined them. Hans Kleefeld was made director of graphic design.

Although Stewart had initially expected the focus of the new firm to be packaging, the emphasis soon shifted to corporate identity programs – massive projects in which everything relating to a company, from business cards to the sides of delivery trucks, is given a new, consistent "look." Such all-encompassing programs had been rare in North America until the mid-1950s, when the "ID business" started to become the fastest growing and most lucrative design specialty in the world. Stewart soon dedicated himself to convincing corporate Canada of the need to adopt corporate identity schemes. "Comparatively few Canadian companies have deliberately embarked upon a campaign to improve their corporate image – the face they present to the public," he wrote in *Canadian Art* in 1962. Enhancing that image through the adoption of a sophisticated corporate identity program would "excite foreign buyers and create a real demand for Canadian-made goods." And regardless of its commercial impact, Stewart argued, there were patriotic motivations to consider. The adoption of an orderly design program would bring "the broader satisfaction of having contributed to the corporate image of Canada as seen by the rest of the world."

Canadian National Railways had taken the lead in corporate makeovers in Canada with the redesign of their logo and other graphics in 1959. The resulting visual program was unveiled with enormous publicity. Writing in 1962, Stewart declared it "so far the only significant attempt by a Canadian firm of any kind to establish a corporate identity which is other than dull, folksy or aggressively ugly." In contrast, Stewart complained, the design program of another of Canada's transportation giants, Air Canada, was so bad as to be "beyond description." Executives at Air Canada must have been listening, for two years later they awarded Stewart & Morrison their first major corporate design account. The resulting identity program was a great success and helped to ensure a steady flow of clients.

By 1964, the company was already in a position to expand. Having "caught the attention of some of the U.S. corporate giants," according to *The Financial Post*, Stewart and Morrison opened a New York office, making them the first Canadian design group to do so. Within the next few years Stewart and Morrison affiliated with a British firm, and in 1970 they created a London branch.

Through the 1960s and 1970s, Stewart and Morrison was Canada's most prominent and prestigious graphic design firm. Their client roster came to include many of Canada's biggest companies: Bank of Montreal, Toronto Dominion, Scotiabank, Seagram's, and Canada Packers, among others. They designed the exhibits for the Ontario pavilions at Expo 67 and Expo 70. They created a slew of corporate identities for enterprises ranging from Catelli Pasta to the Montreal Expos. Many of these design schemes remain in use today, making Stewart & Morrison's work a ubiquitous presence in Canadian life.

In 1981, Stewart sold his interest in Stewart & Morrison, and shortly afterwards he and Amy retired to their country home north of Toronto. Here, he has continued to paint and draw for his own pleasure. Although he is now physically removed from design circles, he is not forgotten. In 1998 he was awarded the Les Usherwood Award from the Advertising and Design Club of Canada, the highest award the graphic design industry in Canada can bestow. And in 2000 the Governor General awarded him the Order of Canada. Despite these honours, he remains humble to a fault – when interviewed about his life and work, he is liable to express discomfort at having to talk so much about himself.

Stewart admits that, back in his designing days, he encountered clients who rejected his ideas. However, he never let the opposition of such individuals and corporations discourage him. "If you're on a crusade, that doesn't matter much," he explains. Thanks to this crusade, Canada boasts a proud history of sophisticated modern graphic design as well as a highly developed design industry that continues its activities to this day. Perhaps most importantly, Stewart's efforts prevented Canada from being completely overrun with graphic design imported from abroad. Instead, many of the familiar signs, symbols, logos, and labels that constitute much of Canada's visual culture are *Canadian*, and although we might generally take them for granted, they play a special role in making Canada distinct.

Clair Stewart at Stewart & Morrison offices in the late 1960s. After his exposure to modern European design in Great Britain in the 1930s, Stewart returned to work in the printing and advertising industries, where he set out to convince corporate clients that good design meant good business. In 1960, he and partner Ted Morrison opened a firm that would serve many of Canada's corporate giants – creating corporate identity programs, annual reports, packaging, and exhibit design. Stewart's commitment to home-grown design shaped today's flourishing industry.

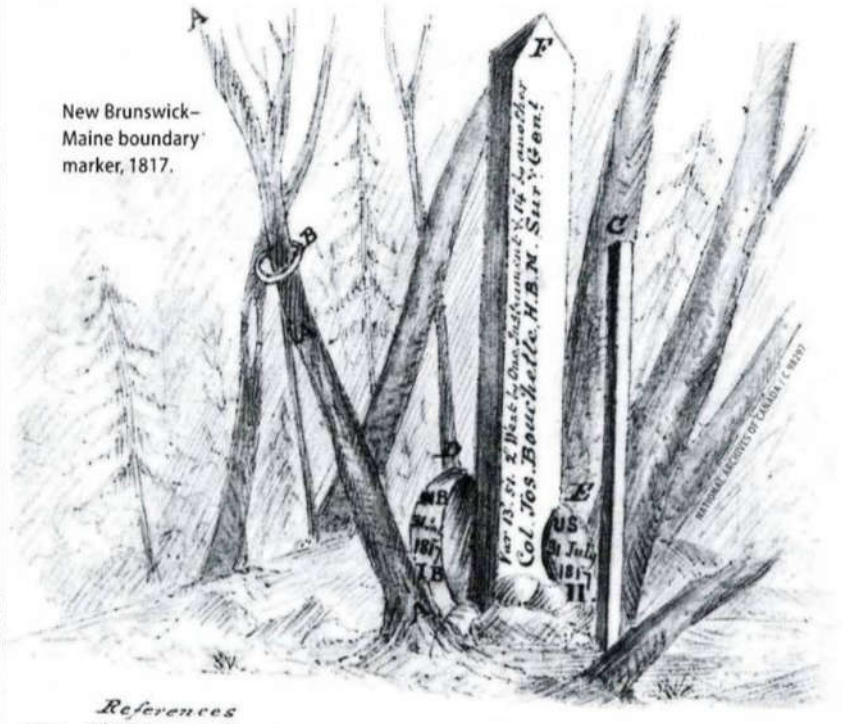
COURTESY CLAIR STEWART

Eric Setliff has master's degrees in history and design history from University of Toronto and Bard Graduate Centre in New York, respectively. He is assistant curator of the Department of Decorative Arts at the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Drawing the Line

The 1783 Treaty of Paris ended the war between Britain and the U.S. But it didn't end boundary disputes. For the next sixty years, the British and the Americans clashed over an imaginary line separating colony from country. Then Lord Ashburton met Daniel Webster, and most of what would become the world's longest undefended border fell into place.

by Francis M. Carroll



New Brunswick–Maine boundary marker, 1817.

References
AAA. Old Monument.
B. Ring or Iron Hook
C. Plain Pieces
D. Stone marked N.B. 31st July 1817. with the Initials of Col. Bouchettes name at full Length
E. A Similar Stone inscription marked U.S. with the Initials of the American Surveyors Name
F. The New Monument which was erected 31st May 1817. Shewing on the North & South faces the Names of the Surveyors, and to the East & West the Provinces of New Brunswick & the United States respectively in the Midst of Letters & Figures as on the Face of the Needle. B. 87. 2 by the Instrument & 16 by another and dated 31st July 1817.

"Ashburton's capitulation" was how former foreign secretary Lord Palmerston described the treaty negotiated by Lord Ashburton, which in 1842 established the boundary between British North America and the United States along the eastern half of the continent. Surprisingly, many Americans were not happy with the treaty either. Perhaps this was only to be expected. After all, boundary disagreements had emerged almost as soon as the Treaty of Paris, which ended the American War of Independence, was signed in 1783 – and subsequent attempts to settle the boundary foundered time after time. Nevertheless, despite all of the complaints and protests by critics on both sides, the Ashburton treaty created what has been celebrated since as "the world's longest undefended boundary," and it has remained unchallenged and unchanged for over one hundred and sixty years. How did this paradoxical situation come to pass?

With the end of the War of Independence, a boundary had to be created between those parts of British North America that remained loyal to the Crown and those that became the United States. The Treaty of 1783 said the boundary was to run

> *From the North West Angle of Nova Scotia, viz. That Angle which is formed by a Line drawn due North from the Source of the Saint Croix River to the Highlands along the said Highlands which divide those Rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the Northwestern-most Head of Connecticut River.*

The border was then to extend west along the forty-fifth parallel of latitude to the St. Lawrence River, through Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, and into Lake Superior,

> *thence through Lake Superior Northward of the Isles Royal & Phelipeaux to the Long Lake; Thence through the Middle of said Long-Lake, and the Water Communication between it & the Lake of the Woods ... to the most Northwestern Point thereof, and from thence on a due West Course to the River Mississippi.*

The subsequent boundary was to extend along the Mississippi River, south to the border of Florida, and then east to the Atlantic Ocean again.

Although Article 2 had asserted confidently that the boundary terms were spelled out in order that "all Disputes ... may be prevented," the language used to describe the frontier was

so ambiguous and erroneous as to create no end of problems. Which river was the St. Croix? Where was the North West Angle of Nova Scotia? What was meant by the Highlands and where were they? We all know that there is no Isle Phelipeaux in Lake Superior and that the Mississippi River is south of Lake of the Woods, not to the west. Did the peace negotiators in Paris intend to make the old colonial boundaries of 1763 or 1774 the new boundary? Much of the same language was used, but there were some important variations in terminology. Were these casual mistakes or deliberate differences? All of these ambiguities opened the door for differing views as to where the true boundary was intended to divide the eastern half of the continent. As a result it became easier to point out the inconsistencies in one's opponent's boundary claim than to provide overwhelming proof of the validity of one's own. Thus, the boundary remained unsettled for decades.

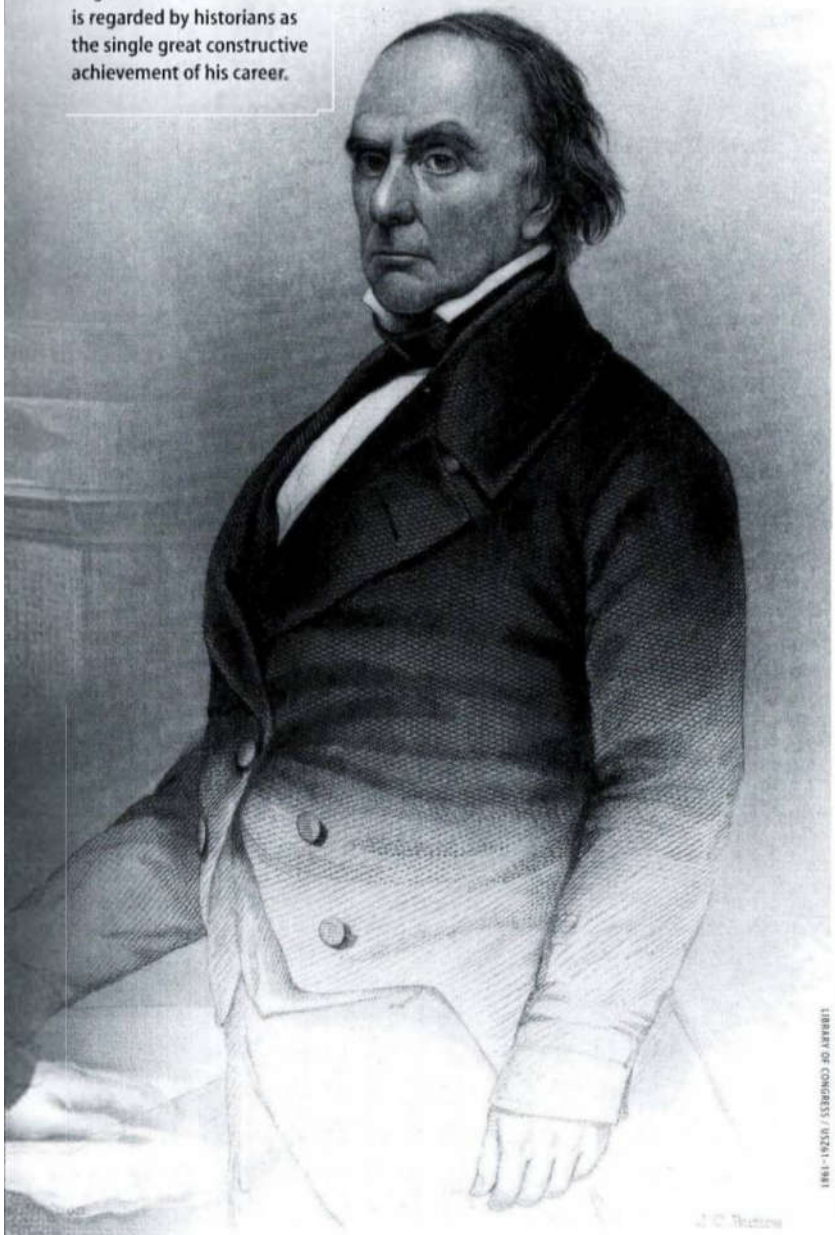
Not that serious efforts to settle the boundary had not been attempted. The Jay-Grenville Treaty of 1794 created a commission to decide which was the St. Croix River mentioned in the Treaty of Paris. By 1798, a stream had been selected and followed to its source, thus fixing a single part of the boundary. On the strength of this success, efforts were undertaken to negotiate an agreement about ownership of the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay as well as determine the link between Lake of the Woods and the Mississippi. However, another attempt at a boundary settlement, the King-Hawkesbury convention of 1803, was amended by the U.S. Senate and subsequently rejected by Britain, while new talks broke down in 1807 over a failure to agree to a western boundary. The 1814 Treaty of Ghent, which ended the War of 1812, was another attempt. The British had proposed a new boundary for which the U.S. would have ceded about one third of its territory to British North America and formed an Indian buffer state. Eventually the Treaty of Paris boundaries were accepted, but where were they?

Four boundary commissions were created to explore, survey, and determine the boundary from Passamaquoddy Bay all the way west to Lake of the Woods. Two of the commissions were successful, working out the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay and running the boundary line up the St. Lawrence River through the Great Lakes to Sault Ste. Marie. However, the commissioners failed to agree on the most contentious sections of the frontier: the New Brunswick–Quebec–Maine boundary and the Lake Superior to Lake of the Woods boundary. If the commissions failed to agree, the Treaty of Ghent had provided machinery for a friendly sovereign to determine the boundary through arbitration. Thus, elaborate arguments were laid before William, the king of the Netherlands, who in January 1831 handed down his award. The king was not persuaded by either set of arguments and proposed a compromise line along the Saint John River, rather than along the "Highlands" dividing the rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Atlantic. In failing to accept one argument or the other, the king violated his instructions. First the Americans and then the British rejected the award. Maine, the British, and the U.S. created unilateral boundary commissions to explore and identify the eastern boundaries, but these efforts tended to aggravate matters by reinforcing the most extreme claims.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 119267

Alexander Baring, later Lord Ashburton (1774–1848), was former head of the London financial house Baring Brothers. A major force in international finance, the firm led the French prime minister in 1818 to remark that there were six great powers in Europe – England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the Baring Brothers. Alexander lived in the U.S. and established Baring's preeminence in Anglo-American trade at a time when London was the largest source of capital invested in the young United States. He also forged useful connections with prominent Americans, which made him an ideal representative for British interests in border negotiations.

Orator, lawyer, and statesman, Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was appointed secretary of state by the first Whig president, William Henry Harrison, in 1840 and retained his position when Harrison died in April 1841 after a month in office. John Tyler, Harrison's vice-president and successor, and a man tepidly committed to the Whig agenda, quickly alienated his entire cabinet, which resigned en masse but for one – Webster, whose plea was that he wished to complete negotiations with England over the northeastern boundary. The treaty he negotiated with Ashburton is regarded by historians as the single great constructive achievement of his career.



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The 1830s were a troubled time for Canadian-American relations. The Rebellions of 1837, although crushed by Crown authorities in Upper and Lower Canada, spilled over into the United States when William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis-Joseph Papineau and many of their followers fled to New York State. Mackenzie returned to Canada and occupied Navy Island in the Niagara River. Canadian militia forces destroyed the steamship *Caroline* that had ferried Mackenzie and his supporters across the river, invaded Schlosser, New York, killing one person and wounding several others, and created an international incident. In 1840, authorities in Lewistown, New York, arrested and charged Alexander McLeod, a deputy sheriff from Upper Canada, with murder in connection with the *Caroline* incident. This created a serious crisis in Anglo-American relations, although McLeod was eventually acquitted. In the meantime, as settlers from New Brunswick and Maine began to occupy land in the upper Saint John River valley, a new set of problems developed. In 1839, New Brunswick lumbermen began cutting trees in the Aroostook River valley. Attempts by Maine authorities to stop the lumber operations escalated into the Aroostook War.[1] Cooler heads from Fredericton and Washington prevented this crisis from getting out of hand, but, together with the *Caroline* affair, a dangerous trend was developing – war was expected.

However, political changes in the United States and Great Britain opened the door for a fresh attempt to resolve the growing list of irritants. In 1840 the populist and chauvinistic Jacksonians were defeated in the U.S., and William Henry Harrison, a Whig, was elected to the presidency. When Harrison died in April 1841, he was succeeded by John Tyler, who retained Daniel Webster as secretary of state. Webster, a former senator from Massachusetts, a major political figure, and one of the most successful lawyers in the country, attempted to open discussions on a boundary settlement with key people in Britain. In Great Britain during the late summer of 1841, the Whig government of Lord Melbourne fell, taking the pugnacious foreign secretary, Lord Palmerston, out of office. Sir Robert Peel formed a new Tory government with Lord Aberdeen as foreign secretary. They turned to Lord Ashburton, their unofficial advisor on American affairs, to head a special mission to the United States to negotiate a settlement to the various crises.

Recently elevated to the peerage as Baron Ashburton for his services in Peel's first government, Alexander Baring had been a member of Parliament for many years. He was best known, however, as the former head of Baring Brothers, the leading private bank in Britain and a major force in international finance, including British investment in the United States. Ashburton had lived in the United States as a young banker, married into a prominent Philadelphia family, and owned extensive properties in Maine. He knew the United States as well as anyone in British governing circles. As a result, the key people in both governments were predisposed to work for a sensible solution to the problems that plagued relations.

Webster realized from past failures that the data and arguments compiled by each side had not convinced the opposite parties, and that

[1] See "The Aroostook War" by Michael Westaway McCue, August/September 2000 *Beaver*.

only some kind of compromise would resolve the matter. He also realized that a boundary agreement depended on the compliance of Maine and Massachusetts. (Until 1820, Maine had been a district of Massachusetts.) Webster's first thoughts were that Maine could give land to New Brunswick for a military road to Lower Canada in exchange for other lands ceded by New Brunswick. Webster was approached by a Maine journalist and newspaper owner, Francis O.J. Smith, who offered to help moderate public opinion by writing articles for the local papers encouraging a compromise settlement. Webster was also contacted by Professor Jared Sparks of Harvard College, who, researching in the French archives in Paris years earlier, had found a map with the boundary delineating very much the British claim in the New Brunswick–Quebec–Maine borderland. For Webster's use, Sparks reproduced the boundary line that he remembered on maps. The editorials and maps at Webster's disposal were intended to persuade Maine and Massachusetts that the British case had enough merit that accepting a moderate compromise settlement would be in their best

Northeastern North America in 1755, one year before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War.

THE WEBSTER-ASHBURTON TREATY BOUNDARY, 1842

DAWN HUCK

U.S. Claim

British Claim

Award of the King of the Netherlands, 1831

Boundary adopted in 1842

interests. Webster also arranged with the governments of Maine and Massachusetts to send commissions to Washington authorized to commit the states to a suitable boundary devised through the negotiations with Ashburton.

Lord Ashburton sailed from England on HMS *Warspite* and landed at Annapolis, Maryland, on April 4, 1842, proceeding on to Washington, D.C., where to great public acclaim he set up house just off Lafayette Square. His initial problems were due to his instructions. When Aberdeen asked him to undertake the mission, he verbally had given Ashburton very broad authority to resolve the boundary matters in the most practical manner possible. Aberdeen's written instructions came only as Ashburton was boarding ship for America. They proposed first the maximum British claim of a boundary west from the line due north from the source of the St. Croix River, along the southern watershed of the Aroostook River to the source of the Saint John River, and then to the northwesternmost branch of the Connecticut River. A second choice extended west from the due-north line along the middle of the Aroostook River, to the Fish River, which flowed north into the Saint John River; the boundary was then to run along the Saint John to its source and thence to the Connecticut River. The third choice, and the furthest concession that Britain would make, was essentially the boundary proposed by the king of the Netherlands: the Saint John River west from the due-north line, to the St. Francis River, and then south along the watersheds of the St. Francis and the Saint John to the Connecticut.

However, when these instructions were shown to the Duke of Wellington, a prominent member of Peel's cabinet, he objected to consideration of the king of the Netherlands' proposal. The instructions were then shown to cabinet and to four former lieutenant governors. The proximity of the watershed of the St. Francis and Saint John Rivers to Quebec City – about twenty-four kilometres – was held to be a danger to the security of Lower Canada in the event of another American war. Ashburton was told to move any boundary east of the crest of those watersheds. Since the Americans had earlier rejected the king of the Netherlands' boundary proposal, Ashburton's task was made much more difficult. Ashburton's own desire to retain the Acadian settlements in the Madawaska region between the Aroostook and the Saint John River valleys was a further complication. "If you had read to me your present instructions before I left London," Ashburton wrote to Aberdeen, "I should have ventured under such circumstances to give an opinion that it was inexpedient to send this mission." Nevertheless, Ashburton assured Aberdeen that he would do the best he could.

The actual negotiations opened in late June. Ashburton proposed a line for a segment of the boundary that would extend from the due-north line west along the Aroostook River and then north to the Saint John River towards the Madawaska. In exchange, he offered the U.S. the old forty-fifth parallel line, the American claim for the Connecticut River, and the free passage of forest products on the Saint John River through New Brunswick. The Maine and Massachusetts commissions were shocked at these proposals, which both extended south of the king of the Netherlands' line and offered no exchange of land contiguous to Maine – no New Brunswick territory such as Grand Manan or Campobello Island – as they had been led to believe was the basis of the negotiations. The New Brunswick delegation in Washington adamantly refused to cede any territory. Thus, after high hopes, the negotiations got off to such a poor start that the prospects of a successful treaty looked slim. President John Tyler

prodded Lord Ashburton: "If you cannot settle them [the boundary matters] what man in England can?" An anxious Ashburton replied, "Well! well! Mr. President, we must try again."

In early July, Webster, prompted by the Maine commission, proposed a boundary line that would run west from the due-north line along the Saint John River valley until just beyond the Madawaska River, and then proceed north of the Saint John to where the St. Francis River exits Lake Pohenagamook, and then along the crest of the watershed to the Connecticut River. This, it was held, ceded land for an overland military road that connected New Brunswick with Lower Canada, although from a military point of view it left the Americans too close to the road for defensive purposes. This was unacceptable to Ashburton, who also concluded that he would have to give up the Madawaska settlements. Using Webster's earlier comment about the merits of a river boundary, he returned to the line proposed by the king of the Netherlands to keep the Americans south of the Saint John River.

Ashburton met several times during the week of July 11 with Webster and with the Maine commissioners. Through some hard bargaining, Ashburton was able to obtain the concession desired by the cabinet and the war office. Instead of the watershed of the St. Francis and Saint John Rivers, the boundary line would be moved east – to a straight line from Lake Pohenagamook to the northwest branch of the Saint John, and then to the southwest branch of the Saint John, and then on to the Metjarmette Portage and the headwaters of the Connecticut River. This moved the boundary farther east from Quebec City, from twenty-four kilometres to forty-eight. Maine gave up claims to about 2,300 square kilometres of territory that had been included in the award of the king of the Netherlands. In return, it received compensation of $150,000 from the U.S. government (Massachusetts received $125,000) and the free passage of forest products down the Saint John River, but no equivalent territory from New Brunswick. Of the whole of the disputed territory, Canada was confirmed in possession of 12,980 square kilometres and the United States 18,167.

The settlement of a range of other issues followed the agreement over these eastern boundary provisions. Both parties agreed to accept Halls Stream as the northwest-most source of the Connecticut River and as the old 1771 boundary between New York and Upper Canada, rather than the correctly surveyed forty-fifth parallel of latitude that would have put the newly constructed Fort Montgomery nearly a kilometre into Canadian territory. Ashburton ceded Sugar Island, in the St. Mary's River at Sault Ste. Marie, and he agreed the boundary should follow the Pigeon River west of Lake Superior, with the provision that, here and elsewhere along the whole border, the portages and water channels could be used by citizens of both countries. The boundary west to the Lake of the Woods as surveyed by the commission under the Treaty of Ghent was accepted. Also included in the treaty were provisions for the extradition of people accused of capital crimes and for a joint effort of the Royal Navy and the U.S. Navy to cooperate in suppressing the slave trade along the African coast. In private letters to Webster, Ashburton skillfully noted that responsibility for the sinking of the *Caroline* should have been promptly accepted by the British government, and that while the freeing of slaves onboard the *Creole* could not be undone, British officials would not normally interfere with the movement of slaves by sea from one part of the United States to another.[2]

The treaty was signed in the White House on August 9, 1842, to the general satisfaction of all but a few, and quickly ratified by the Senate. "Blessed are the peace-makers," said President Tyler in a toast earlier to Ashburton and Webster. Ashburton had a successful tour of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, where he was universally feted before sailing for Britain. His secretaries went north to visit Niagara Falls and to report to Sir Charles Bagot, the governor general, in Kingston, who wrote to Ashburton, "I congratulate you with all my heart." Bagot thought that the boundary treaty would make his duties less difficult "by removing I trust forever, the two most considerable sources of irritation and misunderstanding between us and our neighbors." Ashburton arrived back in England in late September and proceeded directly to London to confer with Lord Aberdeen. Bagot, in his congratulations, had said that he had "no doubt of the approbation with which you will be welcomed home," but unfortunately a cloud had already begun to form over the treaty that has followed it to this day.

When informing Lord Aberdeen of the signing of the treaty, Ashburton mentioned that Webster had shown him historical maps that – although unofficial and unattached to any copies of the Treaty of 1783 – had shown boundary

President Tyler prodded Lord Ashburton: "If you cannot settle [the boundary matters] what man in England can?" An anxious Ashburton replied, "Well! well! Mr. President, we must try again."

[2] In late 1841, slaves aboard the American brig *Creole* sailing from Virginia to New Orleans revolted, seized control, and sailed into Nassau, where they were freed by the British. Many Americans, particularly from the South, were outraged at what they regarded as interference in lawful coastal trade.

lines that supported the British claims. Webster had used these maps to convince the Maine and Massachusetts commissioners, not of the merits of the British claims, but of the need to compromise before public opinion in support of Maine began to diminish. Ashburton said that if he had seen the maps earlier he would not have signed the treaty, although he must certainly have been told about them by Thomas C. Grattan, the British consul in Boston who had travelled with the Maine commissioners to Washington and who had also advised Ashburton. Ashburton had also used British secret service money to help fund Professor Sparks, who had first brought to light maps that might support the British claim. Without these measures, Ashburton himself admitted to Aberdeen, "Maine would never have yielded."

None of this information would have had any effect on the reception of the treaty if it had remained confidential. However, these maps and their use were brought before the Senate in the ratification debates on the treaty. Although news of the maps was confidential, it quickly became public knowledge. When word reached Britain it caused a sensation, producing the impression that the treaty was negotiated by fraudulent means. Lord Palmerston, the former foreign secretary, learned of this. Through those newspapers in which he had influence, and later when Parliament sat, Palmerston attacked the treaty as a pointless surrender of obvious British territory. "Lord Ashburton's capitulation" was the unforgettable phrase he coined.

By coincidence Ashburton was a trustee of the British Museum. In the midst of all the public clamour, the keeper of books contacted him and said that Lord Palmerston had removed a map from the King George III collection that contained notations possibly made at the Paris treaty negotiations in 1782 or 1783. An investigation revealed that the King George map was in the Foreign Office and that it did show a boundary line that supported the American claims, together with the inscription that this was the boundary described by one of the British negotiators. While this map could not be considered an official treaty map, for all of its closeness to the king and the negotiators, it did – like the maps of Sparks and Webster – suggest that vital documentation proving the case of the other side had been withheld from the Washington negotiations. In fact, Lord Palmerston, the treaty's strongest critic, could have been held responsible for the map being secreted away in the Foreign Office files.

In the meantime, the British government searched the French archives to find the map that Sparks had described, and indeed a map with a bold red line conforming more or less to the boundary claimed by Britain was found, but it bore no official markings. In short, none of the maps – the Sparks and Webster maps in the U.S., the King George map in London, nor the red-lined map in Paris – could be regarded as representing the final boundary agreed upon in 1783. As Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel said in Parliament, "Nothing can be more fallacious than founding a claim upon contemporary maps, unless you can also prove that they were adopted by the negotiators." This was a shrewd and intelligent observation on the relevance of the numerous maps that had appeared and their misleading effect on public opinion about the treaty.

The cloud over the treaty has remained, and commentators on the treaty in Canada, Britain, and the United States still occasionally question the merits of the boundary eventually established. It is, therefore, important to keep in mind the crisis circumstances in which the negotiations took place, with the prospect of war looming over each new incident. The ambiguities and errors within the original Treaty of 1783, in describing the boundary agreed upon, meant that neither side could make a claim that did not have some substantial weaknesses. Indeed, for all its problems, the award of the king of the Netherlands not only correctly pointed this out, but it also proposed the most logical compromise line along the Saint John River. As a result of a very great deal of preparatory and behind-the-scenes work, as well as some very hard negotiating, Lord Ashburton was able to improve on that compromise. The fact that this boundary has lasted over one hundred and sixty years and has become known as the world's longest undefended border is a testimonial to the wisdom of the settlement. Capitulation, no; compromise, yes.

Francis M. Carroll is Senior Scholar of History at the University of Manitoba and the author of *A Good and Wise Measure: The Search for the Canadian-American Boundary, 1783–1842.*

et cetera

A Good and Wise Measure: The Search for the Canadian-American Boundary, 1783–1842 **by Francis M. Carroll. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2001.**

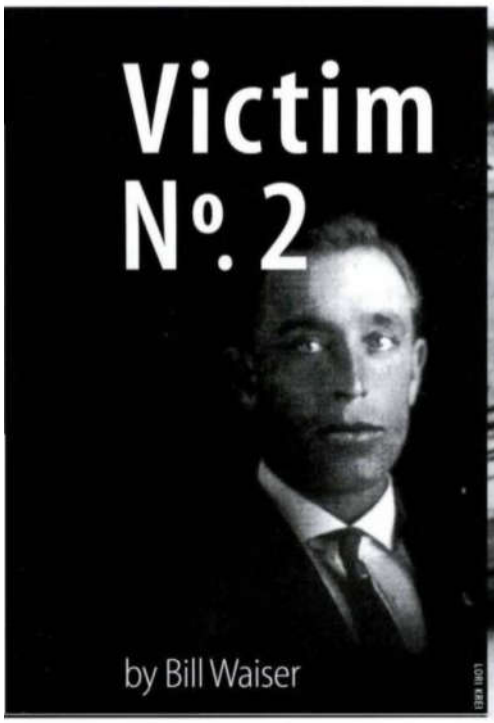
To the Webster-Ashburton Treaty: A Study in Anglo-American Relations, 1783–1843 **by Howard Jones. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1977.**

The text of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty can be found at Yale University's Avalon Project website: <www.yale.edu/lawweb/avalon/diplomacy/britian/br-1842.htm>.

Victim No. 2

Two men died in the 1935 Regina Riot. But the official toll was one. Some people thought it should stay that way.

by Bill Waiser



Nicklas (Nick) Schaack (inset, below), circa 1910. Schaak was a fifty-two-year-old widowed and childless farm hand who had arrived in Saskatchewan from Watertown, South Dakota, twenty-five years earlier. He was working in a relief camp near Saskatoon when he joined the trekkers and took part in the Dominion Day melee. He was attacked by an RCMP constable and suffered head injuries, but cause of death was attributed to pneumonia.

When a thousand striking relief camp workers clambered aboard freight trains in Vancouver in early June 1935 to take their demand for "work and wages" directly to Ottawa, few realized that their trip would acquire a momentum and symbolism that went well beyond a simple regional protest movement. In fact, many believed that the On-to-Ottawa Trek was a crazy stunt and that the resolve of the men would melt away like the snow in the Interior mountains.

But once the men reached southern Alberta and rolled toward Saskatchewan, picking up new recruits at every stop along the way, the trek had come to epitomize all that was wrong with the federal government's handling of the single, homeless unemployed during the Depression. Here were hundreds of young men, many still in their teens, headed to Ottawa to try to secure a living wage and decent working conditions.

Prime Minister R.B. Bennett had initially announced that his Conservative government would not interfere with the men, but simply watch from the sidelines. But as the trek headed east from Calgary, he hurriedly began to make plans to bring it to an end. Indeed, a sense of urgency now informed Ottawa's response. Not only had the ranks of the trekkers swollen to fifteen hundred because of a number of new recruits from Alberta, but hundreds more were expected to join in Winnipeg.

The federal government consequently turned to the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National railways, which had willingly been transporting the men, and secured their cooperation. On June 12, the day the trek entered Saskatchewan, Ottawa's plan was in place: the railways would complain that the men were trespassing on their trains, and in response to their plea for federal help, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police would stop the unlawful movement at Regina.

The trekkers reached the Saskatchewan capital on June 15 and for the next two weeks, they played a dangerous game of brinkmanship with the mounted police, each daring the other to make the first move. By the end of June, however, the men grudgingly conceded that there was no way out of Regina and that it would be foolhardy to engage the Mounties.

Ending the impasse, though, proved equally elusive. The Bennett government insisted that the trek be disbanded on its terms – through a special holding facility on the outskirts of the city. But when the men balked at the proposal, seeing it as a trap, the RCMP, with the assistance of the Regina City Police, decided to pluck the leaders from a peaceful public rally at Market Square on Dominion Day.

The raid quickly degenerated into a pitched battle between the police and trekkers and citizens, which spilled over into the streets of downtown Regina. Order was not restored until the early hours of the next day, but only after the city police had fired their guns directly into a crowd of rioters.

The trekkers marching into Regina, June 14, 1935.

The official death toll of the Regina Riot was one. Detective Charles Millar of the Regina City Police died from massive head injuries when struck by a large, blunt instrument, most likely a piece of cordwood, during the fighting in Market Square. But there was a second death that the RCMP attempted to cover up.

On June 19, 1935, about two hundred men from the Department of National Defence relief camp at Dundurn, just south of Saskatoon, joined the trek in Regina. Among them was fifty-two-year-old Nicklas John (Nick) Schaack, a widowed farm hand from Watertown, South Dakota, who had lived in Saskatchewan since 1910.

Nick was one of the rioters during the Dominion Day melee. He was forcibly subdued in a vacant lot in downtown Regina and taken to the guard room at the RCMP Training Depot, where he was placed in the same cell with trek leader Arthur "Slim" Evans.

Schaack, according to Evans, was in "a very bad way." Lying semiconscious in the lower bunk, he had a swollen face, two split lips, and blood oozing from one ear. Corporal James Lyons, the provost in charge of the barracks cells, summoned the RCMP surgeon, Dr. Samuel Moore, who diagnosed a mild concussion and recommended the application of cold compresses. Moore visited Schaack several times throughout the night while attending to the injured Mounties in the base hospital.

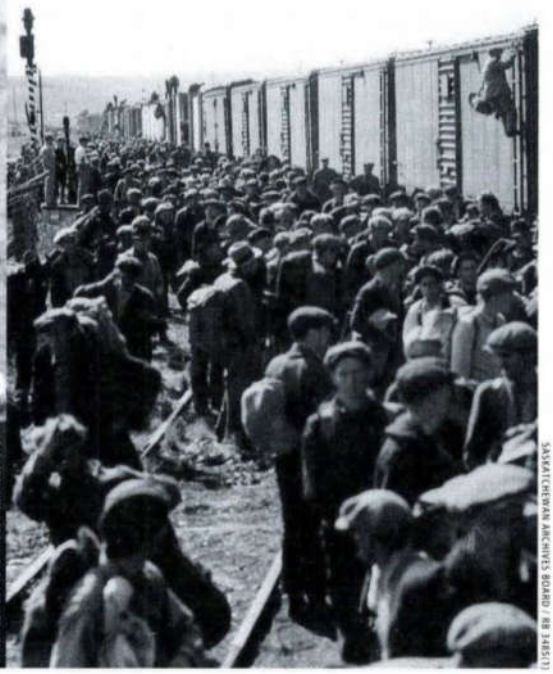
By morning, Schaack had reportedly recovered. "He was not quite right," Corporal Lyons observed, "but he could get around. He didn't eat anything, but he had – he had some coffee." Schaack made a brief court appearance later that day and was then taken to the Regina jail.

Schaack's transfer to the barracks jail was a mistake – one that the Mounties later tried to deny. The RCMP insisted that the injured trekker in Evans's cell was Jack Wedin, another trekker who had been arrested in Market Square. But Wedin's name does not appear on the list of trekker prisoners who had been transferred to the Training Depot guard room the night of the riot. Instead, Wedin was sent directly to the General Hospital – but not Schaack, even though he was later remembered by another Mountie as having severe head injuries.

Schaack was committed to trial on July 11 – ten days after the riot. The only witness at his preliminary hearing was Constable John Timmerman, the Mountie who had made the arrest. The constable testified that he had found Schaack, with a rock in each hand, near the RCMP town station and that he had struck him with his riding crop across the shoulders. "He went down almost immediately after I hit him," Timmerman told the court.

Schaack's bail hearing was scheduled for July 18, but by that date he was too ill to attend. His fate might have been gone unnoticed if not for the activities of a mothers' committee, part of the Citizens' Defence Committee established to help the imprisoned trekkers. Adopting the slogan, "A mother for every boy in jail

GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA 1434-15


SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD / RB 17111

SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD / RB 2485(1)

On the evening of July 1, 1935, some three hundred men, women, and children gathered in Regina's Market Square for a labour rally. Many were participants in the On-to-Ottawa Trek, which had begun in the spring in Vancouver. There, in the depths of the Depression, relief camp workers, striking for improved wages and conditions and restless in the face of local government indifference to their welfare, decided to take their protest to Ottawa. Commandeering freight trains and making stops in Calgary and points east, they arrived in Regina June 15, a force of about fifteen hundred people. Stymied by a pact between the federal government and the railways to keep them off the trains, the strikers lingered in the Regina Exhibition Grounds while a delegation of eight trekkers, led by Workers' Unity League officer Arthur "Slim" Evans, continued on to Ottawa to meet Prime Minister R.B. Bennett. Talks quickly broke down, and the labour delegation, outmanoeuvered by the authorities, agreed to disband the trek. At the Dominion Day rally, however, the RCMP and Regina constables descended on the crowd, provoking a riot, which lasted into the early hours of the next day. There were more than a hundred arrests, dozens of injuries, and two deaths.

REGINA GENERAL HOSPITAL
REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

October 9, 1935

FILE NO.

Letter from superintendent of Regina General Hospital to Schaack's sister in Watertown, South Dakota, informing her of her brother's condition.

Dear Mrs. Schroeder:

In further explanation of my telegram, I beg to inform you that Mr. Nicholas J. Schaack was admitted to this Hospital on August 25 from Regina Jail, where he was in custody following a strikers' riot and from where he had been discharged immediately before entering the Hospital.

He gave the name of Mr. Harry Schaack, Watertown, South Dakota, as his nearest of kin, and on August 31 we wrote to Mr. Schaack to inform him, and also to elicit further information regarding the patient's financial condition and family connections. I enclose a copy of this letter, to which unfortunately we have not yet had a reply. At the time of your brother's admission he was somewhat mentally disturbed, and we have been unable to get any information from him as to any other relative or next of kin.

I regret to say that at the present moment Mr. Schaack is in serious condition by virtue of his condition of pneumonia, and his possibility of recovery is somewhat doubtful. If he does recover, he will most likely be transferred to the Mental Hospital at Weyburn, Saskatchewan, if his mental condition is the same as it was before he contracted pneumonia.

Any further information which you might have to offer regarding his financial condition, and any wishes you might have in regard to our disposition of your brother should he recover, would be welcomed.

Yours sincerely,

H. H. Mitchell, M. D.
SUPERINTENDENT

BILL WAISER

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 37918

R.B. Bennett, Conservative prime minister from 1930 to 1935, was largely undone by the economic and social challenges of the Great Depression. His repression of the On-to-Ottawa Trek contributed to his political decline, and he lost the 1935 general election to William Lyon Mackenzie King and the Liberals.

and hospital," the committee paired women with the men awaiting trial or still recuperating in hospital, and arranged for visits every Sunday, complete with food hampers. It was during their first trip to the Regina jail on August 14 that the women learned that Nick Schaack was seriously ill. He had trouble eating and standing and spent his days confined to his cell bed.

At the urging of the mothers' committee, Schaack was eventually sent to the General Hospital on August 25 – the same day charges against him were dropped. Schaack's condition steadily worsened. He suffered a heart attack and then developed pneumonia. On October 9, the hospital superintendent wrote Schaack's family in South Dakota that he was unlikely to recover, and that if he did, he would be transferred to the Weyburn mental hospital. He died nine days later.

By coincidence, on the same day Schaack died, the Regina City Police issued a circular offering a $2,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of those responsible for murder of the other riot victim, Detective Charles Millar. Schaack was quietly buried October 21 in the same Regina cemetery as Millar. His family could not afford to bring his body home to South Dakota for burial.

Nick Schaack was the second fatality of the Regina riot – something denied at the time. His attending physician at the General Hospital, Dr. E.K. Sauer, had initially regarded Schaack's case as "purely a mental one." Then, on October 19, the day after Schaack's death, he told the Regina *Leader-Post* that the trekker had died from pneumonia, precipitated by a heart disorder.

Several months later, during the Regina Riot Inquiry Commission hearings, Sauer offered a more convoluted explanation. "He was just getting over a scratch over his forehead," Sauer remembered. "There was nothing wrong with him." But when asked for the cause of death, the doctor responded: "tumour of the brain." He added, though, that the tumour was not caused by any injury that Schaack had sustained on July 1.

The other curious thing about Schaack's death is that his hospital record has inexplicably been wiped clear. Every single trekker who had been treated at one of the two Regina hospitals had a card detailing the period and nature of the illness and the cost of treatment. But in Schaack's case, all that appears on his record is his name.

The attempt to play down Nick Schaack's death underscores how worried the RCMP were about their public image and reputation in the aftermath of the Regina Riot. After all, the Mounties were largely responsible for the turmoil and destruction on the streets of downtown Regina because of their foolish insistence on wading into a volatile situation. But in the end, the Regina Riot Inquiry Commission blamed the trekkers for the trouble, while completely exonerating the mounted police.

The new Liberal government in Ottawa, meanwhile, insisted that its hands were tied by the findings of the Saskatchewan commission. It was far easier for Prime Minister Mackenzie King to do nothing, to let the incident be remembered as the legacy of the Bennett years. But as Nick Schaack's unfortunate death demonstrates, the story of the trek and riot is not so simple, not so one-sided – and, certainly, not closed.

Bill Waiser is author of *All Hell Can't Stop Us: The 1935 On-to-Ottawa Trek and Regina Riot*, published August 2003 by Fifth House.

et cetera

Recollections of the On-to-Ottawa Trek **by Ronald Liversedge. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1973.**

Commodore Perry and the U.S Navy got the glory for penetrating Japan in 1853. But Ranald MacDonald had slipped in five years earlier. The land of the shogun seems an unlikely passion for the son of an HBC fur trader and a Chinook princess. But Ranald had a resourceful nature. And he had an incalculable effect.

Ranald MacDonald's *Excellent Adventure*

by Frederik L. Schodt and Shel Zolkewich

Adapted from *Native American in the Land of the Shogun: Ranald MacDonald and the Opening of Japan* by Frederik L. Schodt.

His sailboat held little more than two kegs of water, a barrel of bread, a keg of meat, thirty-five fathoms of towline, an anchor, oars, and a sea chest full of books. Yet twenty-four-year-old Ranald MacDonald released the line connecting his tiny craft to his whaling ship, and sailed away from safety and into history.

MacDonald first came upon a cluster of islands in the northern part of the Sea of Japan. After a short stay on one tiny island, he headed for the larger island of Rishiri, part of the northern frontier lands of Japan. On July 2, 1848, as a large skiff came toward him from Rishiri, he pulled the plug on his boat and let it partially fill with water. His plan was to convince his rescuers that he was a shipwrecked sailor. He hoped the Japanese would have some compassion for a sailor who was at the mercy of a fierce sea.

In 1848, the seclusion policies of the land strictly prohibited foreigners from entering Japan, and for all MacDonald knew, he could lose his head. But this son of a Hudson's Bay Company chief factor and a Chinook princess had adventure in his blood, an intrinsically fearless nature, and he had been planning this moment for years. Still, for someone of his era and station in life, going to Japan then was like an individual in our time deciding to go to the moon alone, and somehow doing it.

Ranald MacDonald, from a daguerreotype taken about 1855.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 123391

In 1635, fearing European encroachment and the influence of Christianity, the Shogunate* had enacted the Seclusion Edicts. Contact with the outside world was limited to a small amount of trade conducted at Nagasaki with the Dutch and Chinese. Otherwise, foreigners

*A Shogunate was a style of Japanese feudal government that gained its name from its head, a *shogun*, or military dictator. During its nearly 250 years of isolation from the outside world, Japan was ruled by the Tokugawa Shogunate, which only collapsed in 1868, after Commodore Perry and the U.S. Navy compelled Japan to open its ports to trade.

were no longer allowed in Japan and the Japanese were no longer allowed out. Punishments varied throughout the two and a half centuries the edicts were in effect: in 1640, when the Portuguese sent a ship to Japan to beg that the policies be lifted, the entire crew was executed and the ship burned; in 1837, only a decade before MacDonald arrived, an American ship with Japanese castaways onboard was fired upon. Luckily for MacDonald, by the time he arrived the laws were relaxing somewhat. Foreign ships were still not allowed to dock, but when shipwrecks or other emergencies brought crews to land, they were given food and water and quickly sent away. If that was impossible, they were arrested and sent to the southern port of Nagasaki, where they were interrogated relentlessly, forced to stomp on Christian images, and deported on the annual Dutch trading ship.

Instead of being executed, MacDonald was rescued by the Japanese. He was held prisoner for the next ten months, but he was given special treatment from the start. His quick mind and nonconfrontational demeanour set him apart from some of the other foreigners shipwrecked in Japan around the same time. From Rishiri Island, he was eventually moved to Nagasaki, where he would make his mark in history. There, he taught the local government interpreters and likely became the first native teacher of English conversation in the country.

Exactly how MacDonald came to teach is something of a mystery. There is no official Japanese written record of him ever teaching English in Nagasaki. After all, because of his illegal entry into Japan, he was technically a criminal. But Japan was beginning to change. If the interpreters were not saying it out loud, some of them secretly hoped the seclusion era was coming to an end. Some of them hoped that one day Japan would be part of the world community, and they already knew that speaking English – not just Chinese and Dutch – would become important for them. These interpreters – and no doubt their superiors – also knew there was a desperate need to learn English from a *native* speaker. MacDonald was intelligent and educated, and he had arrived laden with books. These assets made him ideal. And Japan's faith in MacDonald would pay off handsomely for the country in the years to come.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 121891

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 142222

Born in 1790 in Scotland, Archibald McDonald (above, right) began his career serving Lord Selkirk as clerk and agent for the Red River settlement before joining the Hudson's Bay Company in 1820. Sent to the Columbia district on the Pacific northwest coast the next year, he met and married princess Raven, the daughter of Chinook chief Comcomly at Fort George (today's Astoria, Oregon), with whom he had their only child, Ranald. After spending most of the next twenty years in the Columbia district, McDonald retired with his second wife to Lower Canada, where he died in 1853.

Archibald McDonald's second wife, Jane Klyne (above, left), was a mixed-blood woman who took in Ranald and raised him as her own. With Archibald, she had twelve sons and one daughter. She also died in 1853.

Just what sparked MacDonald's interest in Japan may never be explained by one incident. Likely, it was a combination of his experiences that eventually led him to the islands. For a boy born at a Hudson's Bay Company post at what is today Astoria, Oregon, Japan was a world away.

Ranald MacDonald's father Archibald, as a young clerk in the HBC, was sent to the Columbia district headquarters at Fort George (today's Astoria) in 1821 to oversee the recently absorbed North West Company posts and assets. He soon married Princess Raven (sometimes called Princess Sunday), a daughter of the powerful and prominent Chief Comcomly of the Chinooks. It is unknown whether he married for love or because he needed a house-

keeper, but he was thirty-three years old, in his physical prime, and in a country where the only white woman had been an English bar-girl brought out for a brief stay in 1814. Given this, a blueblood Chinook princess was an attractive match despite the vast cultural differences. And she helped cement relations with the Chinook tribe.

Ranald was born on February 3, 1824. His mother died shortly after his birth, and he went to live with an aunt in the lodge next to the fort. A year later, Archibald met and fell in love with Jane Klyne, a mixed-blood woman of French and native heritage, who took Ranald in and raised him as her own. Together, she and Archibald had thirteen more children.

When Ranald was ten years old, he, his mother, and her children made the trek over the Rocky Mountains to Red River, where they were to stay while Archibald went to London, England, for a furlough. Red River was the only true settlement in the Hudson's Bay Company's vast territories. In the middle of the North American land mass, it had a semblance of civilized life, with churches and new schools – real schools – including some for the children of officers. Archibald, now a chief trader newly assigned to Fort Colvile (in today's eastern Washington state), knew that to succeed in the widening world young Ranald would need a better education than anything available in the Western wilderness. When he returned from London in 1835, he and Jane and their two smallest children crossed the Rockies again and returned to Fort Colvile. But they left Ranald and three younger half-brothers at Red River.

Back at Fort Colvile, Archibald McDonald took pride in the accounts he received of his son at Red River, but he worried terribly that some undisciplined "Indian" part of his nature might assert itself. To secure him a bright future, Archibald asked an old friend, Edward Ermatinger, who was living in St. Thomas in Upper Canada, if he would take Ranald in and teach him about industry and economy: "By '38 I think he ought to be qualified enough to begin the world for himself. Will you then do me the favour to take him in hand – without flattery I feel confident he cannot be under a better guardian."

In 1839, fifteen-year-old Ranald MacDonald made yet another long trek, this one twenty-four hundred kilometres from Red River to the Ermatinger home. Less than a year later, things started to go badly. MacDonald would later write in his *Narrative*: "Banking, or dealing with money in any way, was not to my taste: I hate the – to me – dirty thing! I had no ambition for riches."

But he did have ambition for adventure. As he wrote early in 1842, he "simply, with grip sack in hand, walked forth into the darkness of an unsympathetic world; alone, telling no one; with barely scrip for the hour."

MacDonald went to sea.

He first sailed out of Sag Harbor on the northern tip of Long Island, New York, on the whaling ship *Tuscany*. It had been after leaving St. Thomas, he writes, that the "idea of trying Japan came across my mind ... with all the force of an inspiration." He also writes in his *Narrative* that he had known of Japan and its seclusion policy because HBC people had previously encountered Japanese castaways on the Pacific coast.

In December 1845, the young MacDonald shipped on yet another whaling ship, the Plymouth. Its destination was the Pacific and the waters near Japan. He was already a veteran sailor, and had spent considerable time in the port of Sag Harbor, the port for hundreds of ships scouring the world's seas for diminishing populations of the whales that provided oil for America's lamps. For a young man from the West, it was an exciting place to be, and one of the few places in all of North America from which an individual could attempt an adventure to Japan.

Five-and-a-half months after setting sail, rounding Cape Horn, and heading west into the Pacific Ocean, the *Plymouth* landed in Maui in the Hawaiian Islands. Here MacDonald spent considerable time preparing for his adventure – gathering information, books, and the gear he would need.

Late in November 1847, the *Plymouth* left Hawaii for Hong Kong and the seas around Japan. The day before the ship departed, the newspaper *The Polynesian* reported that the king of Holland had "strongly recommended the Emperor of Japan to throw open his country to Europeans so as not to run the risk of being bombarded into civilization like the Chinese." In later issues, the editor of *The Polynesian* went on to say "We think ... the signs of the times are threatening to the barrier of exclusion the Japanese government would so rigidly maintain."

In the midst of this changing political climate, MacDonald was making his own plans to land on Japanese soil. He made a secret deal with the captain of the *Plymouth*, asking to be taught navigation, to be furnished with a small boat with a sail, then to be let off at a point of his choosing. For this, he gave up a small fortune in wages. One crewmate described MacDonald and his departure: "A good sailor, well educated, a firm mind, well calculated for the adventure upon which he had embarked. ...

The "idea of trying Japan came across my mind ... with all the force of an inspiration."

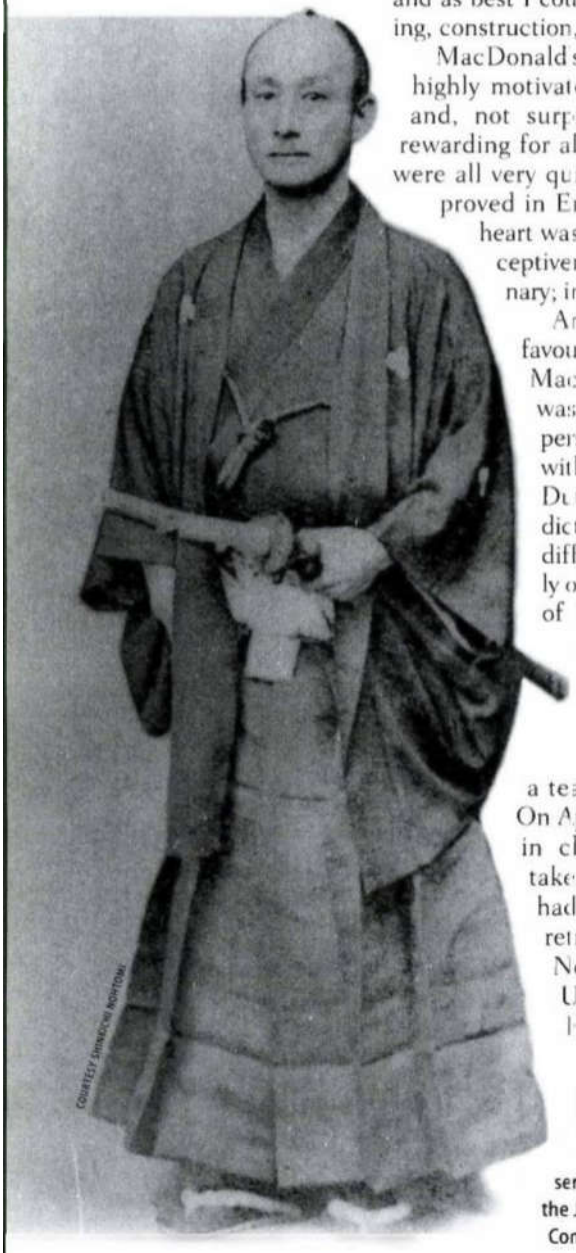
No one can blame Capt. Edwards for leaving the man in such a manner, for he advised him until his boat was launched over the side not to go on such a hazardous voyage, but no, his mind was not to be changed."

After being rescued on Rishiri and taken to Nagasaki, MacDonald tutored fourteen pupils, all of whom worked as interpreters. He called them his "tsooze-gada" from the now-archaic Japanese word for interpreter, *tsuji-gata*. They were a varied group of men, and included Shizuki, a mere lad of seventeen years, and Uemura, who at seventy-four was a rarity in an era when most men died in their forties. As MacDonald describes it in his *Narrative*, "their habit was to read English to me: one at a time. My duty was to correct their pronunciation, and as best I could in Japanese explain meaning, construction, etc."

MacDonald's students were a group of highly motivated professional interpreters and, not surprisingly, the exchange was rewarding for all. MacDonald wrote, "They were all very quick and receptive. They improved in English wonderfully, for their heart was ... in the work, and their receptiveness ... was, to me, extraordinary; in some of them phenomenal."

Among MacDonald's pupils, his favourite was Einosuke Moriyama. MacDonald later wrote that he was, "by far, the most intelligent person I met in Japan. ... When with me he always had books in Dutch, and a Dutch and English dictionary ... the books were on different subjects, but principally on the commerce and customs of European nations. ... [He] told me that he had a large library; and also, that he was studying Latin and French."

MacDonald's tenure as a teacher did not last very long. On April 26, 1849, he was dressed in clean Japanese clothes and taken to the USS *Preble*, which had entered Japanese waters to retrieve some other imprisoned North American sailors. The U.S. ship let MacDonald off in Hong Kong the next month.



COURTESY JAMESCOVE NORTON

Einosuke Moriyama, one of MacDonald's students during his confinement to a house in Nagasaki, served as the chief interpreter for the Japanese government when Commodore Perry arrived in 1853.

MacDonald's influence in Japan nonetheless endured, and his assessment of Moriyama's skills could not have been more accurate. Moriyama participated in many of the most important meetings with American, Russian, and British military missions to Japan throughout the 1850s. He also accompanied the first Japanese mission to Europe in 1862. Perhaps his most important role was that of interpreter during American Commodore Matthew C. Perry's visit in 1854. A missionary and publisher who was part of the expedition wrote, "A new and superior interpreter came ... named Moriyama Yenoske, who had recently returned from Nagasaki. ... He speaks English well enough to render any other interpreter unnecessary, and thus will assist our intercourse greatly."

Perry's requests, on behalf of U.S. President Millard Fillmore, were simple: "Friendship, commerce, a supply of coal, and provisions and protection for our shipwrecked people." The Perry expedition eventually led to treaties between Japan and the United States and to the collapse of the Shogunate in 1868. Japan was transformed from a feudal to a modern state.

Had MacDonald travelled directly back to the United States from Hong Kong, he would have no doubt secured his spot in history, as news of his adventure was widely publicized and interest in Japan was growing. But he found himself "a penniless waif on the ocean of life," and he decided to "ship again before the mast." He was in the Indian Ocean near Madras when his ship wrecked and he was forced to swim for shore through shark-infested waters. He lost all his possessions except "the clothes I had on and a little bundle, in the handkerchief, containing, with other little precious things, only a few of my notes in Japan." A dozen or so pages survived but the bulk of MacDonald's written account of his adventure was lost.

For the next four years, MacDonald travelled the world. He then briefly returned to the Montreal area, where he made fast friends with a family acquaintance and lawyer named Malcolm McLeod. Around the kitchen table, he told McLeod the story of his Japanese adventure. McLeod, fascinated, wrote it down in pencil, asking questions when needed. Three years later, in 1857, McLeod had a manuscript to sell. But luck was not on MacDonald's side. An abbreviated account of his story had already been published in U.S. government documents, and the public had also been innundated with other accounts of Japan. As McLeod wrote of the the manuscript, "It was not published ... because the magnificent and very full

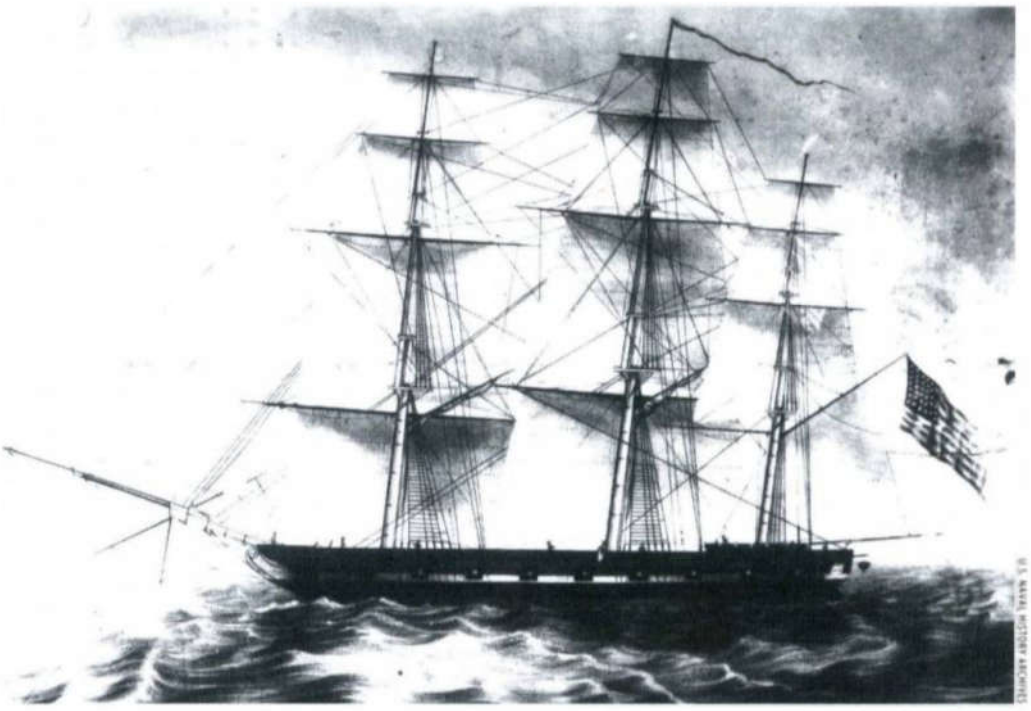
United States Government report, on Japan, of the day, on the conclusion of the Commodore Preble [McLeod's mistaken rendering of "Commodore Perry"] expedition to that country for the release of certain American shipwrecked mariners, held in confinement, there, took the ground from me."

After that, MacDonald's wandering spirit took hold once again and in 1864 he found himself in a leading role in Robert Brown's Vancouver Island Exploring Expedition, commissioned by the B.C. government. He lived in the Pacific Northwest for the next twenty years until he settled near old Fort Colvile, a short distance away from his birthplace.

When he was in his late sixties, MacDonald once again found himself in the headlines. In 1891 he was interviewed by Elizabeth Custer, widow of the flamboyant General George Armstrong Custer, the Civil War hero and Indian fighter who went out in a blaze of glory at the Battle of Little Big Horn in 1872. Elizabeth was left a meagre pension and a famous name. Luckily, she had a talent for writing and a contact at *Harper's Weekly*. MacDonald told her his story amid flirtatious interchanges. When the article was published, however, he was infuriated. Among many inflammatory statements, Custer had called him a prince of paupers, to which he took great offence. The word *pauper* had strong connotations of someone living on charity, which was especially galling for a person as self-reliant as MacDonald. Resentment against the woman boiled over into his own writings until his death in August 1894.

In 1923, nearly thirty years after MacDonald's death, the *Narrative* was finally published in its entirety, in a limited run of a thousand copies. The reaction was enthusiastic in the United States. In its review, the *New York Times* praised MacDonald as having "heroic traits which call to mind the type of Ulysses and Marco Polo." But in Canada, the reviews were scathing, saying the *Narrative* was filled with inaccuracies and exaggerations. The 1923 book remains the bible for all those interested in the MacDonald saga, but the inaccuracies in it, largely introduced by Malcolm McLeod, have helped prevent MacDonald from achieving the recognition he deserves. As a result, even among scholars of Japan, MacDonald remains a poorly understood figure – despite the fact that he was able to enter Japan and contribute to its modernization, five years before the more famous Commodore Perry and his armed fleet.

Frederik L. Schodt is a San Francisco writer, interpreter, and translator.
Shel Zolkewich is a Winnipeg writer.



In April 1849, the USS *Preble* sailed from Hong Kong to Nagasaki to rescue fifteen American sailors who were being held in a Japanese prison as spies. The sailors had been shipwrecked off the Japanese coast when their whaling ship had hit a shoal in heavy fog. After several days of negotiating with Japanese officials, the sailors, along with Ranald MacDonald, were released and removed to Hong Kong. The success of the *Preble*'s mission paved the way for Commodore Matthew Perry's successful 1853 assignment to establish official diplomatic and trade relations with the insular Japanese.

et cetera

Native American in the Land of the Shogun: Ranald MacDonald and the Opening of Japan by Frederik L. Schodt. Stone Bridge Press, Berkeley, California, 2003.

Ranald MacDonald: Pacific Rim Adventurer by Joann Roe. Washington State University Press, Pullman, Washington, 1997.

Ranald MacDonald: The Narrative of His Life by Ranald MacDonald. Oregon Historical Association, Portland, Oregon, 2000.

Freak Show: Jumbo

by Peter Unwin

Jumbo began life as a scrawny baby elephant captured in central Africa, but at the London Zoo he grew to an estimated seven tons in weight and more than three-and-a-half metres in height – the largest elephant in captivity. He quickly became a favourite of advertisers looking for a symbol of size or strength.

in the New World

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He was an elephant so famous his name was a synonym for *big*. When he was felled by a locomotive in St. Thomas, Ontario, his death truly resounded.

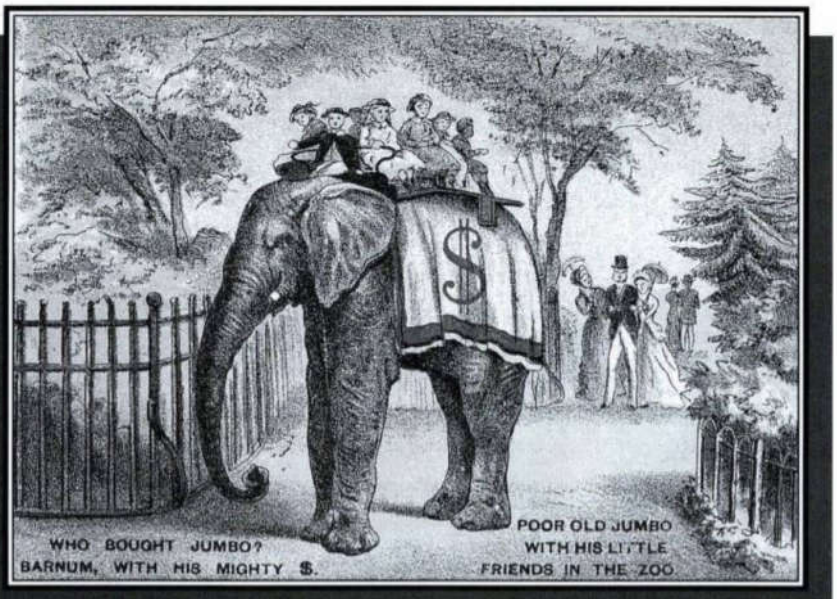
On the evening of September 15, 1885, a Northern Trunk freight train crossed Arthur Street in downtown St. Thomas, Ontario, and struck and killed a large elephant. This was not the sort of elephant usually found in St. Thomas, not even on nights when the circus passed through. This was the most celebrated animal on the face of the earth – the one creature, with the exception of Mickey Mouse, to have its name canonized in dictionaries of the English language. This particular elephant was Jumbo, backbone of P.T. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," and star of the most remarkable freak show to pitch a tent on Canadian soil.

From the outset, the story of elephants in the New World is an unhappy one. The first elephant to reach these shores was the Crowninshield Elephant, arriving in New York in 1796 aboard the privateer *America*. The career of this two-year-old from Bengal is not known, although it seems she was killed in Rhode Island in 1822.

In 1808, an African elephant was purchased in the nick of time from a New York slaughterhouse by businessman Hachilah Bailey. Old Bet, known today as the mother of America's carnival business, was put to work in a "circus" consisting of a dog, two pigs, and a horse. In July 1816 near Alfred, Maine, a religious fanatic – outraged that poor farmers were spending hard-earned cash to see an elephant – shot the animal dead.

In 1874, a 3,000-kilogram elephant, Norma Jean, was struck by lightning while parading through the town square of Oquawka, Illinois.

All illustrations courtesy Steve Peters unless otherwise noted.



P.T. Barnum's purchase for $10,000 of Jumbo from the London Zoo in 1882 created a furor of indignation in England. Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and other notables protested the potential loss of what had come to be thought of as a national treasure. The *Daily Telegraph* cabled Barnum with an offer to buy back Jumbo at any price; attempts were made to seek an injunction against Jumbo leaving the country; and thousands of remonstrating letters were written to newspapers. There was no joy. Jumbo sailed to the New World on the *Assyrian Monarch* and spent the few years until his accidental death being exhibited all over the United States and Canada as the focal point of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. He was viewed by an estimated 20 million people. The back of this card reads in part:

> **Jumbo has lived a happy life, and has had the privilege of affording pleasure to the Royal children, besides hundreds of thousands of others who have enjoyed a ride on his back. He possesses wonderful sagacity, which affords an index to what, were he a human being, would be called moral character. It is customary with him, after each promenade, to back himself into a position conveniently close to a flight of steps; and while a change in his freight of humanity is in process, he enjoys bread, buns, biscuits, and oranges from the hands of those around him.**

According to the card, in leaving England Jumbo was also taken away from his "partner, known by the name of Alice, to whom he was much attached."

Following the tradition of disposing of dead elephants where they fall, the animal was buried on the spot. In Indiana in 1901, Big Charley was shot dead after trampling its trainer to death. It too was buried on the spot; the remains later washed away in a flood.

In 1903, American inventor Thomas Edison arranged to have an elephant publicly electrocuted in Luna Park. Up to that point Edison, in his bitter campaign to discredit the electrical theories of George Westinghouse, had been content to publicly electrocute cats and dogs. When Topsy, an enraged circus elephant, trampled to death its third trainer in three years, Edison offered to "execute" the animal in a way that would demonstrate once and for all his belief in the dangers of alternating current. The electrocution of this elephant was filmed and apparently the footage can still be viewed at the Coney Island Museum.

Prior to his arrival in North America, Jumbo, "The Children's Pet," had lived eighteen years in London, England, where one and a quarter million children, including a youthful Winston Churchill, had ridden on his back. When British reporters learned that Jumbo was to become the "chattel of a wandering showman," and an American at that, they were outraged. The London *Daily Telegraph* was particularly indignant that Jumbo, instead of enjoying "friendly trots with British boys and girls," would now be forced "to amuse a Yankee mob."

On the fateful night of September 15, 1885, Barnum's Big Top pitched its tents for a one-night performance in St. Thomas, Ontario. Until then the town was known, if at all, from a brief mention in Anna Jameson's *Winter Rambles and Summer Studies in Canada*. In that book she ascribes to the town "three churches, one of which is very neat, and three taverns." It was also, by the time of Jumbo's arrival, the site of one of Canada's largest lunatic asylums.

Following the show, as Jumbo was being let out across the tracks, he was struck and killed by a westbound freight train driven at high speed by William Burnip. Quickly, two hundred men armed with rope and tackle managed to topple the immense carcass down the embankment and clear the busy tracks. The circus – along with the human cannonball, the bearded lady, the tattooed man, the Hindoo snake charmer, the Feegee Mermaid, the New Zealand cannibal, and Joice Heath, the reputed 161-year-old nurse of George Washington – had already packed up and was steaming out of town without even a backward glance at its star attraction.

With a seven-ton elephant lying dead on a railway embankment, residents of St. Thomas were quick to emulate the hucksterism of Jumbo's famous owner. Five cents admission was charged to see Jumbo's carcass. Slivers were chipped off the tusks and sold. For two days Jumbo lay on the ground, at which point Barnum's personal taxidermists arrived from the U.S. to claim the skin and skeleton. Six local butchers were hired to cut up the meat. The viscera was burnt, and as the smell of broiled elephant wafted through St. Thomas, the *Daily Times* began selling its hastily printed Jumbo Memorial Tablets,

JUMBO
King of Elephants,
Died at ST. THOMAS, Sept. 15, 1885,
AGED 24 YEARS
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of the world's desire.

All that remained was a flood of elephant grease, bottled and sold as a curative ointment for aches and pains.

GAIL MCNAUGHTON

Today Jumbo is no longer "the pillar of a people's hope," nor perhaps is St. Thomas "the centre of the world's desire." Nonetheless, the Jumbo industry is still alive. Books have been written (at least two), websites maintained, and a fingernail-sized crystal Jumbo (currently out of stock) is available for $33 (U.S.).

In 1985, St. Thomas council commissioned a massive elephant sculpture to grace the downtown core. Sculpted in New Brunswick, the concrete Jumbo was transported 1,720 kilometres across the country. In an incident that seems to mirror the sorry history of elephants in North America, the legs were cut off so that it could clear the bridges dotting the Trans-Canada Highway. No tourist brochure mentions St. Thomas without immediately bringing up Jumbo—"the best known non-human that ever lived," as one local booster proudly puts it.

If justice is to be found in the grim history of elephants in the New World, it's not the justice of the legal system, but rather that of a curse that hovers over the Jumbo story. The man who captured Jumbo, a German carpenter, Johan Schmidt, died delirious in the Abyssinian highlands. Carl Akeley, sent by Barnum to retrieve Jumbo's skin, was himself seriously trampled by an elephant and met his death in the Belgian Congo while tracking a bush antelope. His taxidermist colleague, Professor Henry Ward, was struck dead by a car in Chicago in 1906, becoming one of the world's first recorded car-accident victims. Matthew Scott, Jumbo's personal handler, perished in a poorhouse in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1914. William Burnip, the engineer who drove the train on that fateful day, and later fashioned a tin elephant that he placed over the headlight of his deadly locomotive, was killed in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

Finally, after four years of touring, Jumbo's hide, which weighed 725 kilograms, was placed in Barnum's Museum at Tufts College, Massachusetts. In 1975 the museum and all it contents were destroyed by fire.

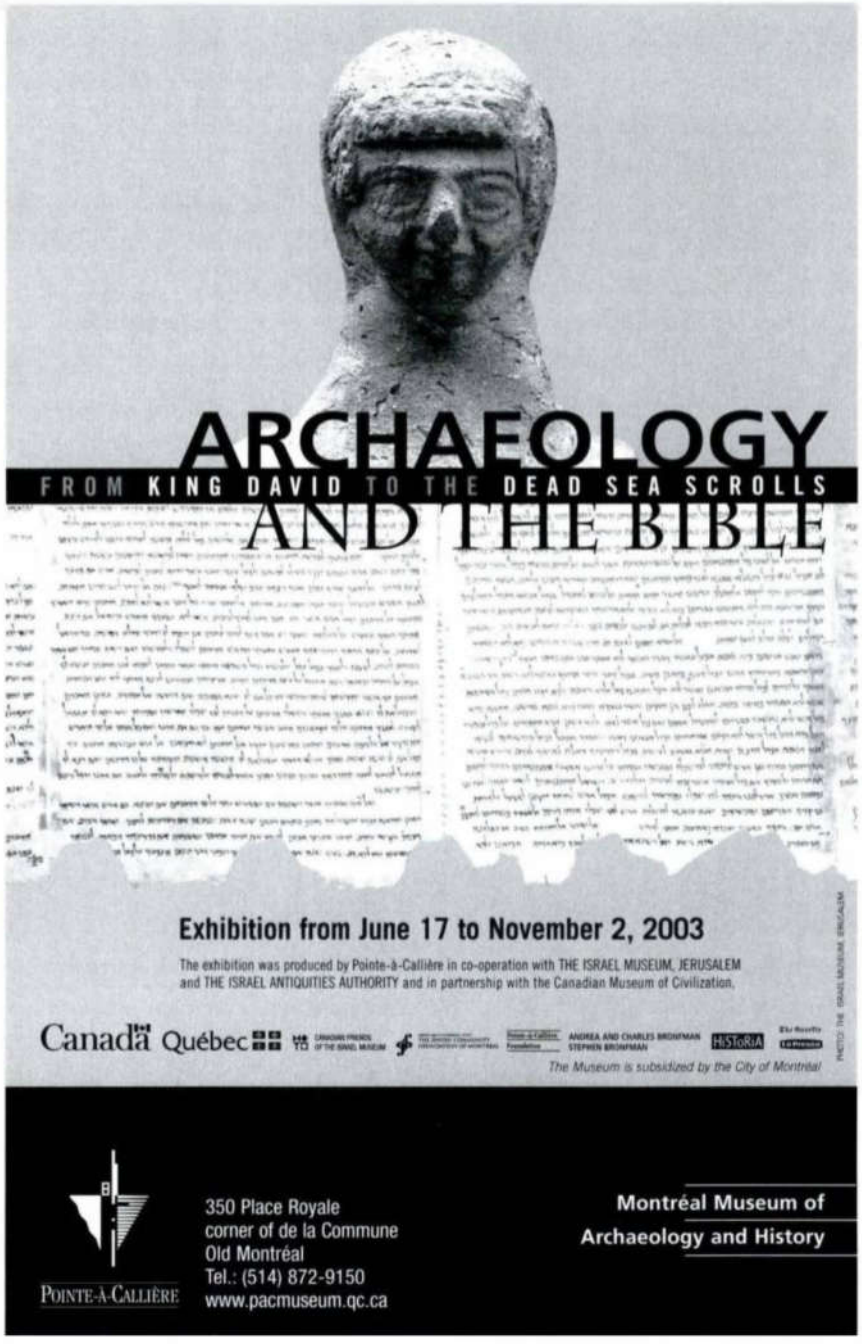
In 1985, one hundred years after Jumbo's death, a commemorative statue of the pachyderm was unveiled in St. Thomas. Designed and constructed in New Brunswick, the statue, at thirty-eight tons, outweighs its model by thirty-one.

Peter Unwin lives in Toronto. His latest book, *The Wolf's Head: Writing Lake Superior*, is scheduled for publication in September by Penguin.

et cetera

Elephant Story: Jumbo and P.T. Barnum Under the Big Top **by Les Harding. McFarland & Company, Jefferson, North Carolina, 2000.**

Histories of circus elephants, including Jumbo, can be found at Roadside America's website <www.roadsideamerica.com/pet/eleph.html>.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by Graham Chandler

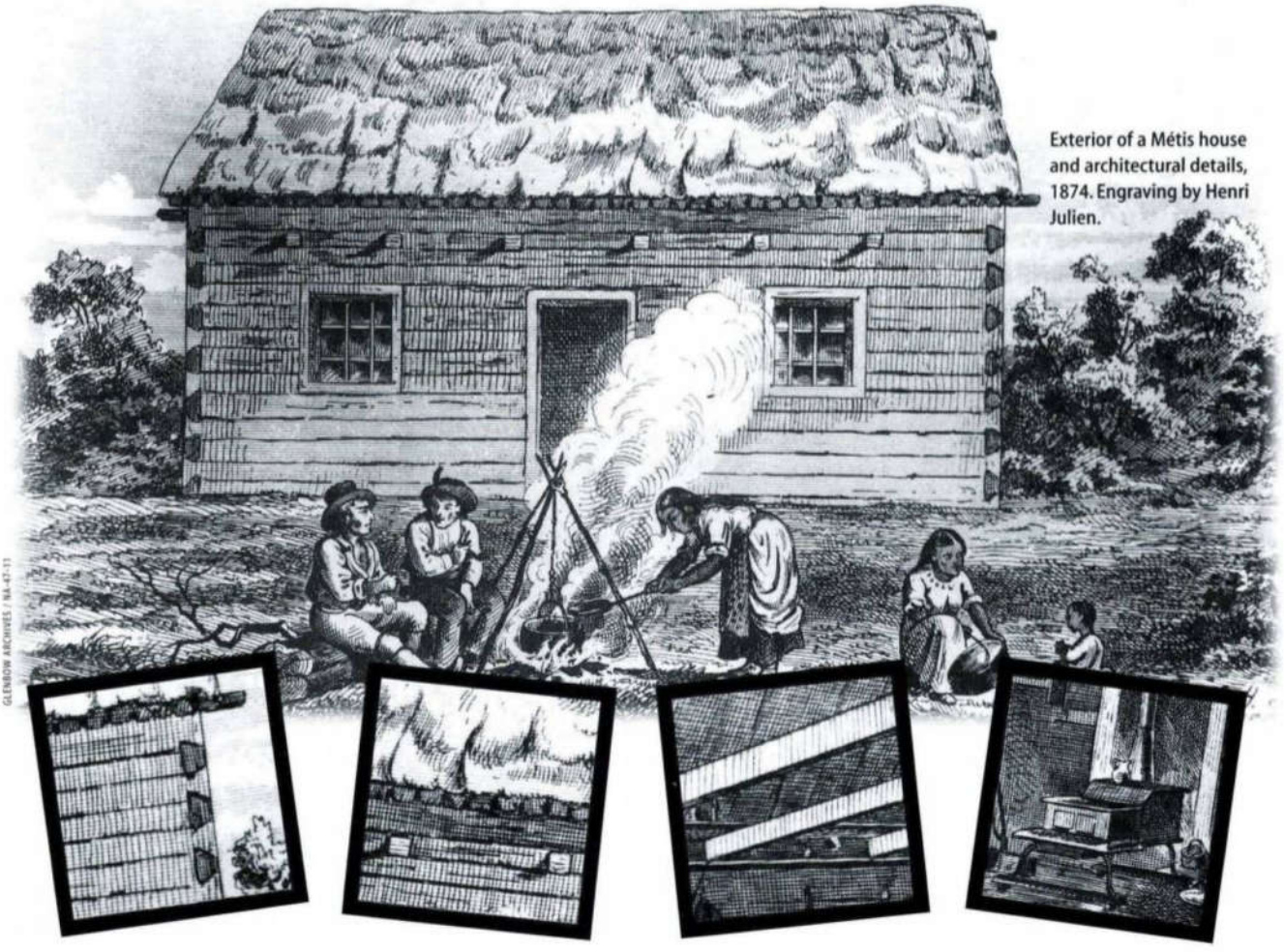
A distinctive people, a distinctive language. Is it any wonder the Métis also built distinctive homes?

The Language of Métis Folk Houses

Seven years ago when Ron Bazylak bought his house at 216 First Street in Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, he had no idea what he was getting into. As a youngster he used to deliver groceries to the old veteran who lived there, but he knew nothing of the home's place in Canadian history until he tried to pull a spike out of the living-room wall. "We used nail pullers and crowbars but it stayed put," he recalls. No wonder. Under the yellow siding are solid logs, hand-hewn by veterans of the 1885 Riel Rebellion whose first shots were fired near here.

Bazylak's place is one of just two remaining Métis folk houses still inhabited. These log residences of the St. Laurent de Grandin district on the South Saskatchewan River are different from other log dwellings now crumbling into the prairie. Their exteriors are decidedly Georgian, with medium-pitched gable roofs and central doors with perfectly balanced window placements. But once you walk inside, they are decidedly non-Georgian: open communal space just like the Plains Indian tepee.

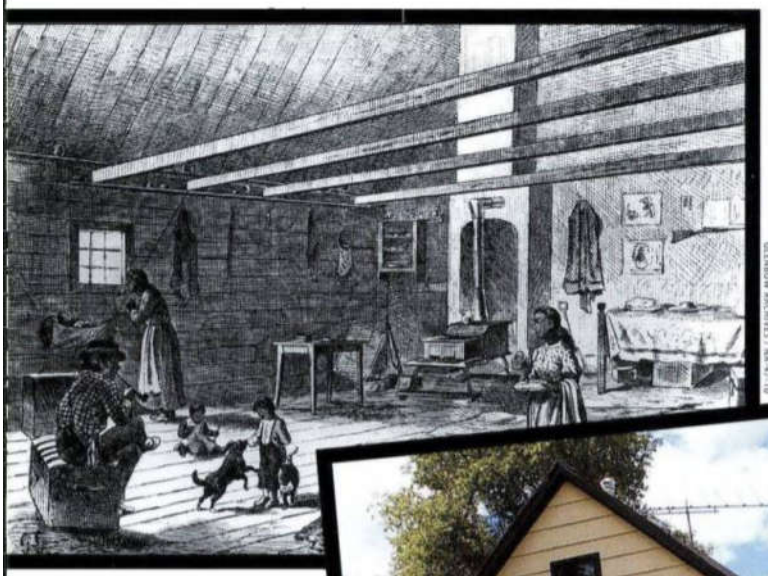
This combination of features is no mere happenstance. As Simon Fraser University archaeology professor David Burley writes in the journal *Historic Archaeology*, the Métis integrated elements of several different cultural backgrounds. English, French, Scottish, Cree, Ojibwa, and



Exterior of a Métis house and architectural details, 1874. Engraving by Henri Julien.

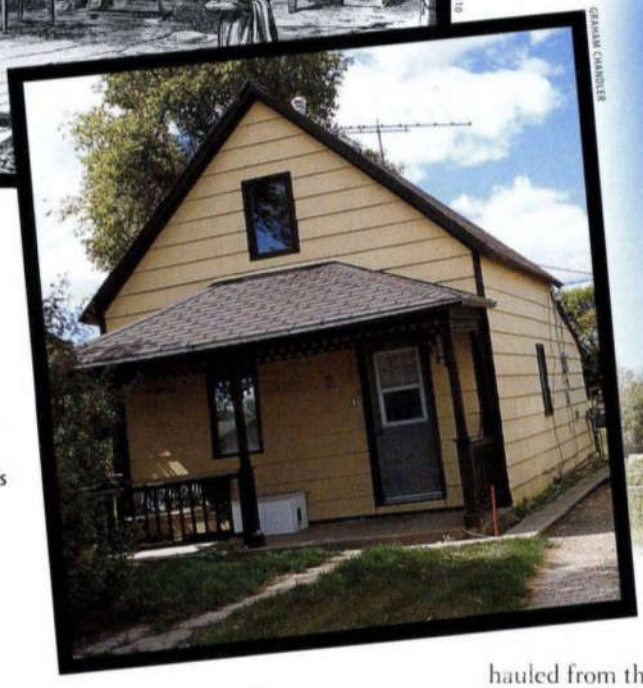
GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-47-11

Assiniboine were brought together by a creolizing process and bonded by a unique language, derived from French and Plains Cree, known as Michif. Just as the Michif grammar bound together their founding lexicons, so the Métis folk house bound together components of their founding cultures.

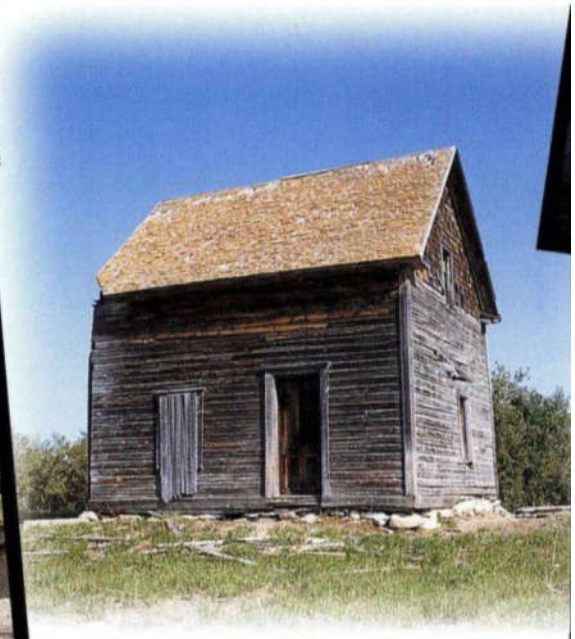


GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-47-10

Interior of a Métis house, 1874. Engraving by Henri Julien.



GRAHAM CHANDLER



Built in 1894 in Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, this Métis folk house is one of the few still inhabited today.

The Métis culture was forged in the western Canadian fur trade. By the mid-nineteenth century, it had evolved into an ethnically distinct and recognizable group replete with lineaments like its own architecture and trademark stone-tool butchering techniques. In addition to their fur trading, the Métis during the first half of the 1800s took part in communal bison hunts in the Red and Assiniboine River areas of Manitoba. But as settlers and homesteaders encroached upon the diminishing herds after 1860, many Métis were forced to abandon the hunts and move further west. By 1880 they were a culture and society in transition from being hunters to being farmers, and many resettled in the Saskatchewan parkland.

One of the areas where they put down roots was the pleasantly wooded parish of St. Laurent de Grandin on the South Saskatchewan River, ninety kilometres north of present-day Saskatoon. Here they built their farms and villages, the best known of which is Batoche, a town that became the centre of the Métis rebellion of 1885. They built using an architectural style that was not only unique in Canada but a departure from the Red River frame style they left behind. Scholars have dubbed it the St. Laurent style.

The St. Laurent folk houses, built from the 1870s to about 1940, varied only slightly from one another. Most were one-and-a-half to two storeys high with a medium-pitched gable roof. Other defining characteristics include an open interior floor plan, the only room division being a shed-roof lean-to added off centre to the back façade or the end wall, which was built after initial construction and used for a summer kitchen or for storage. A simple staircase up to the sleeping area was always placed against one wall. Iron stoves instead of fireplaces were used for heating, and a root cellar was centralized beneath the floor.

As with most of the earliest prairie settlers, the Métis expertly adapted local materials. Naturally flat stones were hauled from the river for foundations. Construction was of locally available white poplar, black poplar, tamarack, or spruce logs, squared or hewn and secured at the corners using tight-fitting dovetail joints. "The dovetail was faster and more solid than the Red River style," explains Métis elder Ed Bruce. (The traditional Red River style generally employed tenon-and-groove construction – where squared horizontal logs are cut to fit into grooves in a vertical log.) Using solid, long-lasting construction methods was also one mark of a more permanent lifestyle. Bruce says wall logs were frequently strengthened with dowelling placed vertically within the logs. A later feature was wattle-and-daub-covered exterior walls: local plasters and clays held in place by willow-branch lathing, a style thought to have been influenced by Ukrainian builders immigrating to the area in the early 1900s. Roofs were of locally made wooden shingles.

A most striking aspect – one that distinguishes the St. Laurent style from other log residences – was the front façade. A characteristically central door was balanced by

window placements to either side. "The symmetry with which the facade is executed provides a Georgian-like architectural appearance that seems abruptly foreign to a recently transformed buffalo-hunting people," writes Burley, who conducted a survey and cataloguing of the folk houses in 1986. Other scholars trace the feature's origin to the United Empire Loyalists who applied Georgian principles of symmetry; after 1870, eastern Canadian migration to this area had intensified.

GRAHAM CHANDLER

Located on a farm six kilometres from St. Louis, Saskatchewan, the home at left and above was occupied until about forty years ago. The original lean-to was torn down; the flat river-stone foundation is still visible.

Inside, one sees the other feature that sets the Métis folk house apart from other prairie settler's abodes – the open floor plan. Burley relates this to a unique aspect of Métis culture: their world-view. Data he collected showed the Métis to have "an organic, informal, unbounded and open society with strong continuity in the human/nature relationship." He writes that, even after the dramatic transition in Métis economy from communal hunter to settled farmer, the structuring principles of this world-view continued to affect the Métis response to land, material goods, spatial organization, and social relations. "When one entered the South Saskatchewan River house, one did not confront doors, formality or privacy, but came upon the range of activities incorporated within the Métis domestic sphere," he writes. "The interior of the house is commensurate with a lack of boundedness ... an environment in which Métis sense of communalism, consensualism and equity were pre-eminent." This meant that the main area served all of these functions: cooking, dining, and socializing. When later lean-tos were added, these patterns sometimes changed slightly. Small additions on the back became the kitchens, leaving the entire main room for sitting and entertaining. The second floor, reached by the end-wall stairs, was always for sleeping. Overnight guests generally slept on the main floor.

Burley compares the various cultural features integrated into the buildings with the Michif language: "These components correspond to the lexicon of Michif," he writes. "They are the 'words' from which the house type has been built ... and the rule system that binds the building components together is the grammar."

The folk houses dotted the valley for decades until the early 1930s, when increased communication with the outside world invaded local culture. Autos, electricity, and radios began to change life in St. Laurent parish. Along with them came the availability of sawmill lumber, and craftsmen gradually abandoned the labour-intensive dovetail joinery, turning instead to frame housing.

Burley's team recorded a total of twenty-four St. Laurent–style folk houses built between 1882 and 1940 still standing; today only eight remain. Six of these sit forlornly in fields, interiors gutted or filled with hay, desolate reminders of Saskatchewan's rich Métis heritage. One has been preserved at the Batoche National Historic Site and the other, Ron Bazylak's, still has the spike in its wall.

Graham Chandler is a Calgary writer.

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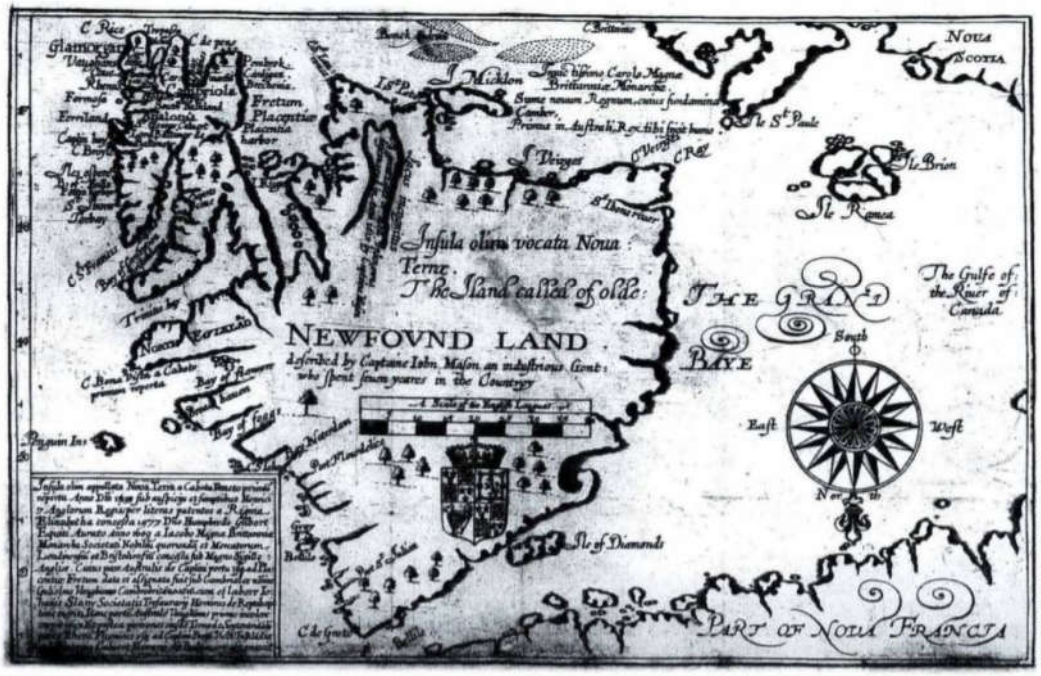
NEWFOVND LAND
Insula olim vocata Noua Terra. The Island called of olde:
THE GRAIT BAYE
The Gulfe of the River of Canada
Nova Scotia
Ile of Diamonds
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A seventeenth-century map of Newfoundland by John Mason, second governor of the Newfoundland Company – formed by Bristol merchants in 1610 to establish a colony in Newfoundland. Mason, appointed for his ability to deal with the piracy problems in the colony, surveyed the coast of Newfoundland during the summers of 1616 and 1617. This is the first map of Newfoundland drawn solely from exploration. North is at the bottom. The Avalon Peninsula is top left.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / NMC 21946

The Gentleman Pirate

When Peter Easton arrived in Newfoundland in 1602, he was a loyal English seaman and officer. When he left in 1614, he was the most powerful – and wealthiest – pirate in the Western Hemisphere.

by Bryan Eddington

Peter Easton was born too late.

In Elizabeth I's reign, he would have been a dashing privateer, capturing Spanish ships and wooing ladies at court. But when James I replaced Elizabeth in 1603, privateering was banned, Spain was a friend, and, like many other sea captains who had lost their commissions, Easton became a pirate.* He captured ships no matter what flags they flew.

But he was no Blackbeard or Captain Kidd. From an old and respected family that had produced a bishop, fought in the Crusades, and sailed against the Spanish Armada, he was a gentleman pirate in the image of Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh. During the five years he spent based in Newfoundland he became loved and respected as the "pirate admiral."

In 1602, during Elizabeth's reign, Easton visited Newfoundland briefly with an official three-vessel convoy to protect the English fishing fleet. When he arrived in St. John's the second time, nine years later, he had ten ships – "well furnished and very rich," according to Fishing Admiral Sir Richard Whitbourne in *A Discourse and Discovery of New-Found-Land*. In the interim years, having turned to piracy, Easton had taken virtual control of the English Channel, with a well-armed fleet of forty ships. He was so powerful that he rarely had to fight, and so unbeatable that he could demand protection money from ship owners. Merchants complained, and Henry Mainwaring, a young aristocrat who himself later turned to piracy, was commissioned to drive out Easton and his fleet. Easton headed to the west coast of Africa, where slaves, gold, and ivory could be found. Then he sailed to Newfoundland.

In 1611, Champlain was struggling to start a small colony in Quebec. Henry Hudson had been abandoned by his crew, and Port Royal was bankrupt. But in Newfoundland, roughly ten thousand men with four hundred ships came – to fish. Basques, Portuguese, French, and English traded and refitted in the free port of St. John's. A shipload of salt fish might be worth a thousand pounds at a time when a tradesman earned one pound a month. Anarchy ruled. Every ship had swivel cannons, and hijacking was common. Into this lawlessness, Peter Easton – described as a dark, athletic man of medium height – sailed with a fleet of ten ships. His vessel, *Happy Adventure*, proudly flew not a pirate flag but the English cross of St. George. And he issued the fishing admiral a forceful invitation.

Sir Richard Whitbourne had spent his working life in Newfoundland, rising from ship's mate to a knighthood and to virtual governor-

*Privateers owned and manned ships that were authorized by governments to attack unfriendly vessels. Pirates were free agents and outside the law.

ship of St. John's, Easton, who sought to persuade Whitbourne to join him, entertained him well in his luxurious cabin. "I was kept eleven weeks under his command," the fishing admiral noted, "and had from him many golden promises, and much wealth offered to be put in my hands." Whitbourne, however, declined to join Easton, though he agreed to go to England to seek a royal pardon for him.

British public records indicate that Easton took 100 cannon and £10,400 worth of food and ammunition from English ships, as well as "500 fishermen of his Majesty's subjects taken from their honest trade of fishing but the most enforced." Because seamen on fishing boats often starved and went home with little more than when they started, many volunteered to join Easton.

Companies even asked for Easton's protection. In the fall of 1612, the London and British Company handed to Easton at his home base in Harbour Grace all their fishing supplies and a full fifteen tons of salt, which was always scarce and sought by thieves and raiders. They wanted to make sure it would all be there when their ships returned in the spring.

Although Easton made Harbour Grace on Conception Bay his base, his fleet sought valuable cargo in the Caribbean. He made a surprise raid on the Spanish colony of Puerto Rico and sailed away with stockpiles of gold and a Spanish ship reportedly filled with treasure. But in Easton's absence, Basques captured his fort at Harbour Grace, and when the pirate admiral returned, they sailed out to give battle. However, Easton defeated the Basques and recaptured the fort.

Exceptionally wealthy, Easton decided to build a mansion at Fox Hill, off Ferryland, sixty kilometres south of St. John's. The great house overlooked shipping routes and was guarded by the impregnable Isle au Bois. Though Easton began to consider retirement, he was still officially a pirate and could be hung if caught. King James, mindful of the pirate's wealth, had granted Easton a pardon before Whitbourne arrived in England, but Easton had never received it. Similarly, a second royal pardon failed to reach its destination. Impatient at the delay, and seeking one last triumph before he retired, Easton sailed in 1614 with fourteen ships to the Azores, where he planned to intercept the annual Spanish plate fleet heading home from the West Indies with its hoard of South American gold. Capturing four treasure ships, he conveyed them to the North African coast. At the Bay of Tunis they welcomed the wealthy pirate, and Easton stayed a year before crossing the Mediterranean to Villefranche on the Riviera, which was a free port for pirates. Here, taking the title of Marquis of Savoy, he lived like a true lord, his fortune estimated at £2 million – roughly $500 million today.

After one last, brief, military campaign, Peter Easton faded into comfortable retirement. But people in Newfoundland still remember their pirate admiral. The Conception Bay Museum at Harbour Grace honours him with a room devoted entirely to his exploits.

Bryan Eddington is a Thunder Bay writer with a special interest in early Canadian history.

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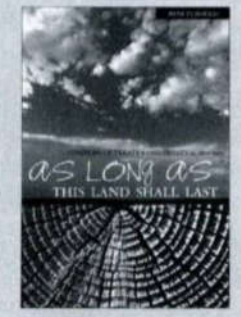

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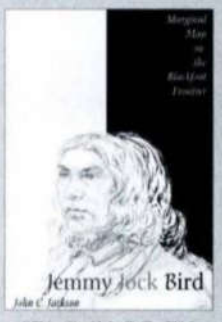

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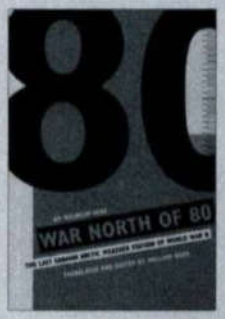

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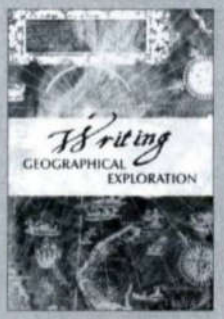

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Artifact

Long a prairie icon, the grain elevator was an integral part of the prairie landscape. Symbol of a passing way of life, this once-ubiquitous building is now quickly disappearing in favour of centralized storage and handling systems. The grain company's agent, attached to each licensed elevator, was responsible for weighing and grading the grain. In the grading process the agent had to determine the dockage, or percentage of foreign material in a grain sample. One way to do this was to put the sample in a dockage tester such as the **Emerson kicker**.

With a hardwood bolted frame, the kicker shook or "kicked" the grain through a series of screens, each designed for a particular crop. A hand-cranked Emerson kicker cost $110 in the 1950s; an electric motor added an additional $50 to the cost.

The Emerson kicker was an important innovation in agriculture. By the 1950s farmers had long suspected grain companies of deliberately cheating them, either through the weighing or the grading of their grain. Advertisements for the kicker guaranteed farmers objective, accurate results and the elimination of arguments between buyer and seller.

This kicker, salvaged from an Alberta Wheat Pool elevator in Queenstown, is currently in the collection of the Western Canadian History program at the Provincial Museum of Alberta and can be seen by appointment.

For more information, contact:
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Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Canada's Army: Waging War and Keeping the Peace**
by J.L. Granatstein
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2002
506 pp. ,illus., $50.00 hardcover

■ **The Coasts of Canada: A History**
by Lesley Choyce
Goose Lane Editions, Fredericton, 2002
308 pp., $37.95 hardcover

■ **Testaments of Honour: Personal Histories of Canada's War Veterans**
by Blake Heathcote
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2002
342 pp., $45.00 hardcover

Soldiering on

Anglican cleric John Strachan and Methodist minister Egerton Ryerson caused more damage to the Canadian army than few others before or since. It was they, according to Jack Granatstein, in ***Canada's Army: Waging War and Keeping the Peace***, who laid the basis for what he terms "the militia myth."

This shibboleth holds that the citizen-soldier was all that was needed to defend Canada, and, indeed, was superior to a professional fighting force. The myth took hold in the early days of New France and achieved the status of gospel after the "defeat" of the American invaders in the war of 1812.

While the citizen-soldiers that went overseas to South Africa acquitted themselves well in the Boer War, the next conflict would prove disastrous for our ill-trained and ill-equipped forces.

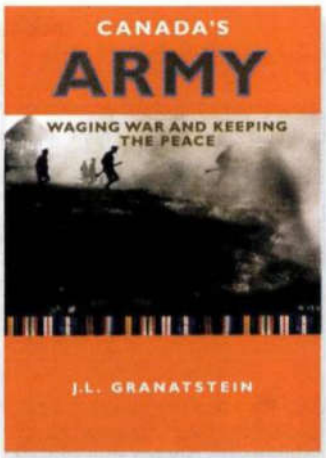
Little more than a decade later, Minister of Militia and Defense Sam Hughes, as a former militiaman and a fervent believer in the myth, had almost no use for Canada's tiny and woefully underfunded professional soldiers. When the Great War broke out, he preferred to promote officers from the nepotistic cadre of militia officers, rather than those who might have had at least some training in battlefield tactics. The result was slaughter: Ypres, the Somme, thousands dying in a day.

It was not until Arthur Currie took the helm that things began to turn around. A former militiaman, Currie became the commander of the Canadian Expeditionary Force by forging his strategic abilities and leadership qualities in the heat of battle. In short, he became a professional soldier. The CEF's greatest victory, Vimy Ridge, was a textbook example of organization and planning that was sorely lacking military leadership until his arrival.

Currie is the best general Canada produced, according to Granatstein, and his ascension was more a matter of luck than any sensible policy to produce quality military leadership.

The organization Currie helped build was dismantled wholesale after the Great War. That the lessons learned in blood and lives would be so

squandered then, and again in 1945, is an example of how little the army was understood by those in power, and how deeply the militia myth is ingrained in Canada's political culture. *Canada's Army* is Granatstein's argument for a more professional army. Although this argument is never far from the surface, most of the book is a straightforward and highly readable account of our army – from the *habitants* defending against Indian raids, to the world wars, to peacekeeping, to the present war on terror. Excellent maps and photographs add colour and context to the many battle descriptions.



It is a lot to take on, and Granatstein tries to balance the politics at home with the Sturm und Drang of the battlefield. The battlefield wins out, in the end. Granatstein draws on the recollections of individual soldiers, officers, medical personnel, and chaplains. His rendition of the utter waste of Ypres is heartbreaking, the triumphant liberation of the Netherlands breathtaking.

It is after this point in the book that Granatstein's argument for a more professional army takes over. He thinks the 1945–1968 army of the Cold War was the professional fighting force we should have some form of today. Instead, in the post-1968 decline, we have cutbacks, peacekeeping, and fading morale, with no end in sight. These factors combined to create a low-water mark in Canadian military professionalism – the 1993 murder of Somali teenager Shindone Arone.

Granatstein's prescription for our political leaders is to develop a small, well-equipped force with modern weapons that will make it commensurably more lethal. Our current forces will be unable to contribute in any meaningful way to a large-scale war or even to Canada's defense.

The book feels less than complete. The militia myth becomes a bit of a straw man, and the government of Pierre Trudeau receives far more blame for the current state of the military than is really credible. While the postwar policy papers (some of which Granatstein helped produce) are quoted, the recollections of individual soldiers that so enlivened the battlefield sequences disappear in the latter chapters.

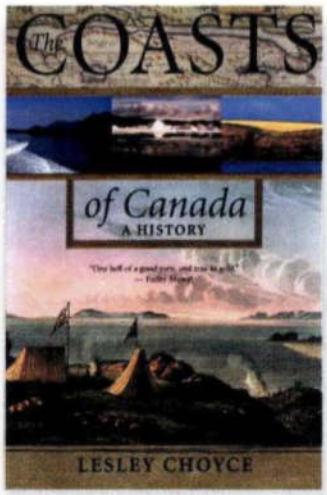
Armies don't exist in a vacuum – for better or worse, they are a tool of the state, fulfilling both domestic and foreign policy needs. It would seem our government has decided the tool it wants is something other than the adaptable and effective fighting force Granatstein believes we need. A more in-depth examination of why will have to await another book.

Reviewed by **Mark Reynolds**, a Montreal writer and editor and frequent contributor to the *Beaver*.

From Sea to Sea to Sea

"Where the land stops and the sea begins," writes Lesley Choyce, "there is a place to stand and look seaward and landward and dream. It's a place of beginnings, of change, of expectation, and sometimes a place of fear, a place to face gargantuan planetary forces, a shoreline of renewal and rebirth."

Absolutely. With vast coastlines on three oceans, Canada is a maritime nation – although, as Choyce shows, these coastlines and their histories have more differences than similarities. The history of the Arctic coast is dominated by the search for the Northwest Passage, that of the Atlantic by the depth and duration of its European roots, and that of the Pacific by the sadness of a paradise quickly plundered and soon abandoned. The main connection between the three coasts is political. They happen to belong to a single nation, which largely ignores all three.



This odd fact – which Choyce mentions in ***The Coasts of Canada: A History*** but doesn't really discuss – is almost unique to Canada. From Shanghai to Stockholm, Rio to Rotterdam, a disproportionate number of the world's great cities are on the coasts. Two-thirds of the world's population lives on the shorelines. Even the U.S. is witnessing a steady drift of population from the interior to the two coasts. In most coastal nations, the littoral is the dominant region. But not in Canada.

I wish Choyce had explored this phenomenon, because the greatest weakness of his book is the absence of such an organizing interpretive theme. Admittedly, he has an unwieldy bundle of material to muscle into a single volume – but history without interpretation is a trivial pursuit, conveying information without building understanding.

Choyce announces an intention to "let the narrative of a coastal people reshape our visions of who we are," but that's not what emerges. Canada has not one "coastal people" but many. What do the Haida, the Acadians, the Innu, the Newfoundland Irish, and the Japanese have in common? What vision or narrative do they share?

The book nevertheless provides a very readable anthology of fascinating yarns – pirates and wreckers, naval commanders, castaways, and fishermen. And Choyce has some telling insights. John Ross, a Scots explorer in the Arctic, thought the Inuit were "disgusting brutes." The Inuit, in turn, says Choyce, "were baffled about why shiploads of men would travel so far from home without women, and the concept of military hierarchy was alien to them as well. ... All an Inuit had to do was look at the gear,

the low-quality food, and the reckless ambition of the whites to see that these were not men to be admired."

Alas, *Inuit* is plural, not singular, which highlights the book's second great weakness, its carelessness with facts and details. The book feels as if it were written in a rush, and it is peppered with minor errors. Choyce badly needed a diligent copy editor.

A shrewd reader trusts the tale, not the teller. The true theme of *The Coasts of Canada* emerges from its accumulation of tales and stories: European exploration and settlement of these coasts was driven by pillage and greed, and its impact was deadly. Animals and birds were hunted to virtual or actual extinction, great forests vanished, fisheries were wiped out, and two entire Pacific aboriginal nations were utterly eradicated, along with the Beothuk of Newfoundland.

This is not the theme that Choyce selected, but it is the one that extrudes itself from his pages. *The Coasts of Canada* is a prolonged saga of looting and destruction, on all three coasts. If that had been Choyce's conscious theme, it would have galvanized and unified the book.

It would also have forced the reader to reflect on the fact that we have been battering the natural world for so long that we think such aberrant behaviour is natural. These shorelines once supported a complex dance of interwoven lives. What we have done to them is painful to contemplate.

Reviewed by **Silver Donald Cameron**, a D'Escousse, Nova Scotia, writer and author of *The Living Beach*.

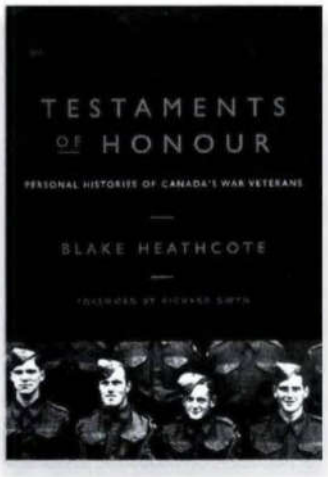
What Did You Do in the War?

Testaments of Honour is a work in progress and labour of love for Toronto-based writer Blake Heathcote. While digitally archiving his grandfather's scrapbooks from the First and Second World Wars, Heathcote realized how little he knew about those who served in Canada's military. His thirst for knowledge led him in 1999 to record firsthand accounts from Canada's Second World War veterans. Since then, he has interviewed over one hundred and fifty veterans and contacted hundreds of others in his quest to help put a human face on the war.

Published shortly before Remembrance Day 2002, *Testaments of Honour* features twenty-four oral histories from veterans ranging from the well-known, such as Alex Colville and Barney Danson, to the inconspicuous. Heathcote's procedure for gathering information is straightforward. He simply has a conversation with veterans, recording all discussions on video to capture the full range of emotions during the interview. Heathcote then edits the hours of interview transcripts down to a manageable size. These oral recollections, invariably containing the grammatical errors, poignant language, and repetitive wording of everyday speech, provide gripping insights into the war. Each account is a unique personal record, publicly told here for the first time, and as passionately and eloquently recounted as if the events took place yesterday rather than sixty years ago.

The imaginative fictions of spy thrillers and Hollywood action-movie scripts pale in comparison with the realities presented in *Testaments of Honour*. It is surprising that some of these veterans survived the war, given all that they endured. Provided here are descriptions of escaping from prison camps, hiding in safe houses with the help of the Resistance to avoid capture, parachuting into enemy territory at night, refusing to provide information to interrogators, surviving Japanese forced labour, a nonswimmer drifting alone in a dinghy for days in the Bay of Biscay after his plane went down, and comforting maimed soldiers about to die.

As a collection of personal histories, *Testaments of Honour* offers a disproportionate number of accounts by air force veterans who were shot down. This criticism is not to suggest that these particular stories are unworthy of publication; every one is riveting in its own right. But their inclusion as a whole comes at the cost of admitting only one naval recollection. Given the wide and deep pool of sources, it would seem appropriate for Heathcote to have presented a more representative selection of material from all the services to comprise his text. His excellent work in chronicling the experiences of veterans is ongoing, and this imbalance can easily be redressed in subsequent volumes.



In keeping with the accounts themselves, many of the photographs in *Testaments of Honour* come from the veterans' private collections and are likely to have never been published before. These original pictures – so relevant to the personal stories – add a special dimension to the book and help to bring history to life. The book also contains an engaging foreward by journalist Richard Gwyn.

A common thread runs through *Testaments of Honour*, and that is the living warmth of its voices. Many veterans observe that their war experiences forced them to mature quickly, and virtually all are modest to a fault. They simply state that there was a job to be done and they just went ahead and did it. None consider themselves heroes. It was a sense of duty that compelled the veterans to enlist. Over 100,000 of them were killed, wounded, or captured. Young men and women when they first joined up, these veterans left home to put their lives on the line so that Canada would be a better place to live. Heathcote rightly acknowledges that all Canadians owe a lasting debt of gratitude to them.

The time will soon come when all Second World War veterans have passed away and our living link to that war will be severed forever. This will be a sad day for Canadian history, but thanks to Heathcote's diligence and foresight, we will have a treasury of personal war memories to share with future generations.

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy**, who is a Carleton University history graduate.

More Books

■ *Family Life and Sociability in Upper and Lower Canada, 1780–1870*. By Françoise Noël.

Today we maintain the ties that bind primarily by telephone and e-mail. In the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the growth of the educated middle class, it was letter-writing and diaries that maintained the relationships between family members across distances more difficult and time consuming to traverse than today's. Nipissing University history professor Françoise Noël has delved into diaries, family correspondence, and other archival sources to create an engaging and intimate portrait of everyday life in early Canada, from courtship, marriage, and childbirth to sickness, death, and funerals. So dutiful were the writers and so wealthy their detail that you have the feeling from Noël's distillation of sinking into a nineteenth-century novel. One can't help wondering, however, what the future will make of today's cursory e-mails.

McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2003. 372 pp., $49.95 hardcover.

■ *Fighting Sail on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay: The War of 1812 and Its Aftermath*. By Barry Gough.

Canada is (and was) a nightmare to defend. But in the War of 1812, Canadians proved to be more than a match for the American expansionists who thought the taking of Canada was largely a case of marching in. When the war started, Canadians had one decided advantage over the Americans – superior naval forces on the Great Lakes backed by a superior understanding of its waterways. In this meticulous study, Wilfrid Laurier University history professor Barry Gough illuminates the naval actions on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay and demonstrates how British and Canadians were able to maintain control of the upper Great Lakes. Along the way, it details the building of freshwater warships, the intricacies of fighting under sail, the adventures of individual sailors, and the predicament of the area's native peoples. An important contribution to the understanding of the last of North America's northern frontier wars.

Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, Maryland, 2002. 215 pp., US$32.95 hardcover.

■ *A Heritage of Light: Lamps and Lighting in the Early Canadian Home*. By Loris S. Russell.

Long out of print, this gem of Canadian social history is back with a new foreward by Royal Ontario Museum curator emeritus Janet Holmes. Loris Russell was a paleontologist who applied his curiosity and knowledge of geological history to the evolution of fuels, which in the nineteenth century was swift. When the century opened, tallow candles flickered in the parlours of the nation; when it ended, electric lamps had pushed back the darkness. In between, inventors and manufacturers developed an extraordinary array of progressively more efficient light devices, burning a variety of fuels. Backed by more than two hundred illustrations, Russell's accessible text records

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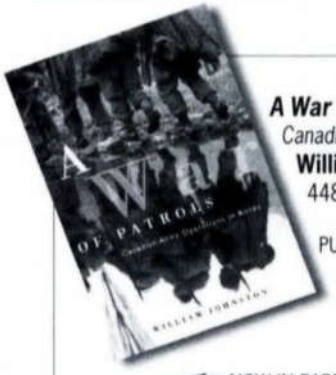

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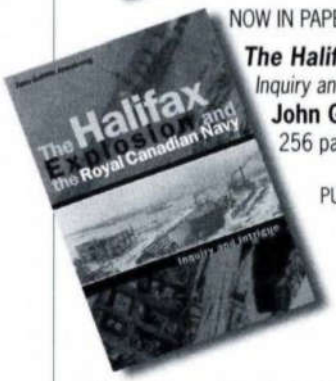

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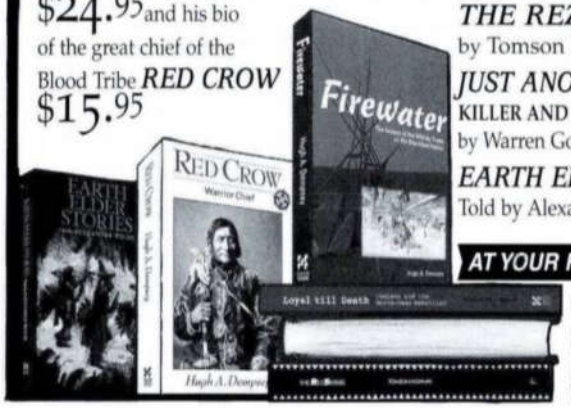

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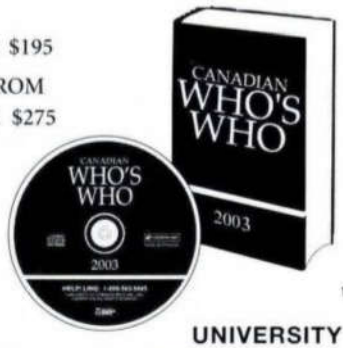

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how the lamps were made and used and includes his own experiments with the fuels and contraptions of earlier generations. The lighting revolution was international, but Canadians were among the leaders: Nova Scotia's Abraham Gesner distilled coal to make the first kerosene; Hamilton's James Miller Williams supervised the digging of the world's first oil well. So much light does Russell shed on the subject, you may never look at the antique kerosene lamp at the cottage the same way again.

University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2003. 344 pp., $70.00 hardcover.

■ *Icelanders in North America: The First Settlers.* By Jonas Thor.

The Vikings may have racked up frequent sailor points in the Middle Ages, but by the nineteenth century, their Icelandic descendants were pretty much homebodies. That changed, however, when natural disasters in Iceland, combined with overpopulation and economic collapse between 1870 and 1914 drove many Icelanders to seek new lives in North America. Their settlement in southern Manitoba, in "New Iceland," is well documented; less examined is their emigration to Nova Scotia, Ontario, Saskatchewan, B.C., and parts of the United States. Historian Jonas Thor expands the general view of Icelandic settlement by describing this mass movement from a continentwide perspective and looking at the individual character of each community as Icelanders struggled with the tensions of assimilation and exclusivity.

University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 2002. 306 pp., $19.95 paper.

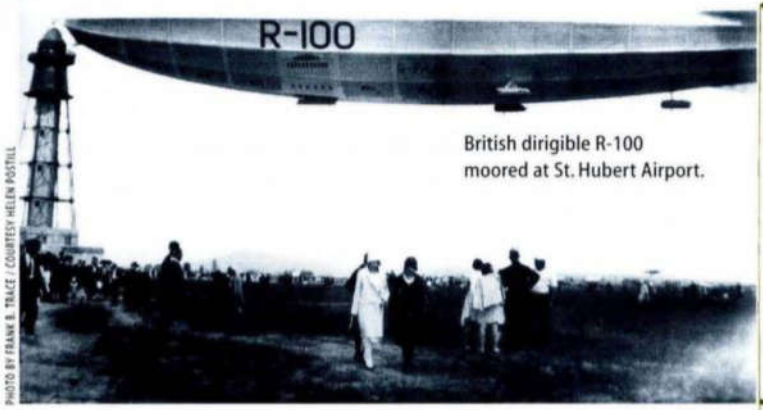
■ *Captured in Stone: Carving Canada's Past.* By R. Eleanor Milne, K. Barbara Lambert, and Eleanor Moore.

In 1962, thirty blank stones forming a forty-metre-long frieze in the foyer of the House of Commons awaited a sculptor's hand. Dominion Sculptor Eleanor Milne stepped in, and thirty-one years later her handiwork, and that of her team, was finished. Today you can, in effect, "read" the story of Canada from the earliest time to the beginning of the twentieth century through the bold carvings running along the foyer's mezzanine level. But even the best stories can be served by a good reader's guide. This is one. A comprehensive, illustrative handbook to this national treasure, *Captured in Stone* takes the reader image by image through the foyer, identifying and interpreting each carving. Background to the project is also provided, as is a sketch of the artist's life. Fun, too, is a day in the life of the project – or night, rather. Given the noise and dust, work had to proceed after hours. With Ottawa a summer tourist destination, and the Parliament buildings on every itinerary, this book should prove useful as well as decorative.

Penumbra Press, Manotick, Ontario, 2002. 95 pp., $25.95 hardcover.

Moment

August 1, 1930:
Canadians thrill to the arrival of the first dirigible



British dirigible R-100 moored at St. Hubert Airport.

PHOTO BY FRANK R. TRACE / COURTESY HELEN POSTILL

—Severing the Silence
—Cleaving a passage through the upper air
—Riding triumphant on the wings of the wind
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In the middle of the night, August 1, 1930, the passengers of the R-100, Britain's new ultramodern airship, looked out into the misty night only to see "an enormous fiery cross" in the sky ahead. The cross, standing on the summit of Montreal's Mount Royal since 1924, appeared to be floating in air. The passengers' anxiety and excitement was shared by those on the ground who had waited up since the previous afternoon in anticipation of catching a glimpse of the craft; when the newly installed searchlights at St. Hubert Airport fixed the R-100 in their beams, a hushed crowd burst into deafening cheers, and the sound of car horns resonated for miles.

The R-100 wasn't the first airship to cross the Atlantic, nor was it the fastest, but on that hot summer night these details didn't weigh on the minds of Canadians; the ship's arrival stirred emotions like no event since the outbreak of the Great War. For the Canadian population, living through the disastrous first years of the Depression, the R-100, the first and only airship ever to visit Canada, offered a diversion from economic misery and inspired both national and imperial dreams.

The story of the R-100 began with British prime minister Ramsay MacDonald's plan to build two airships, the R-100 and the R-101, as an experimental venture that would one day improve communications and transportation within the Empire. At the 1926 Imperial Conference, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, moved by a desire to participate in a great imperial project, promised that Canada would build a mooring mast on this side of the Atlantic.

The R-100's arrival four years later marked the beginning of a fascination with the lighter-than-air craft; for the two weeks that the R-100 was in Canada, nearly a million people would visit the ship, over 70,000 travelling to St. Hubert Airport on a train that had been built in anticipation of the event.

The hundreds of journalists and politicians on hand for the landing unleashed their most powerful rhetoric: the voyage was "epic," "majestic," and demonstrated the enormous strength and prowess of the British Empire. Bold predictions were made

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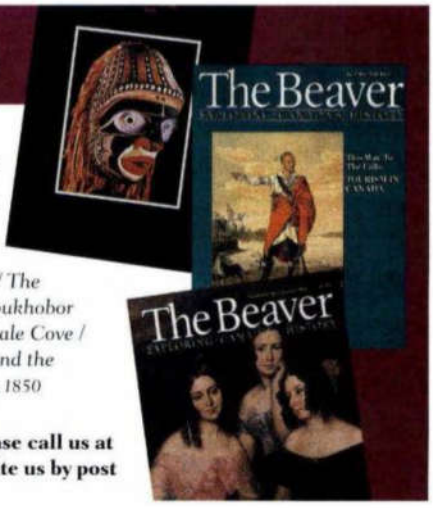

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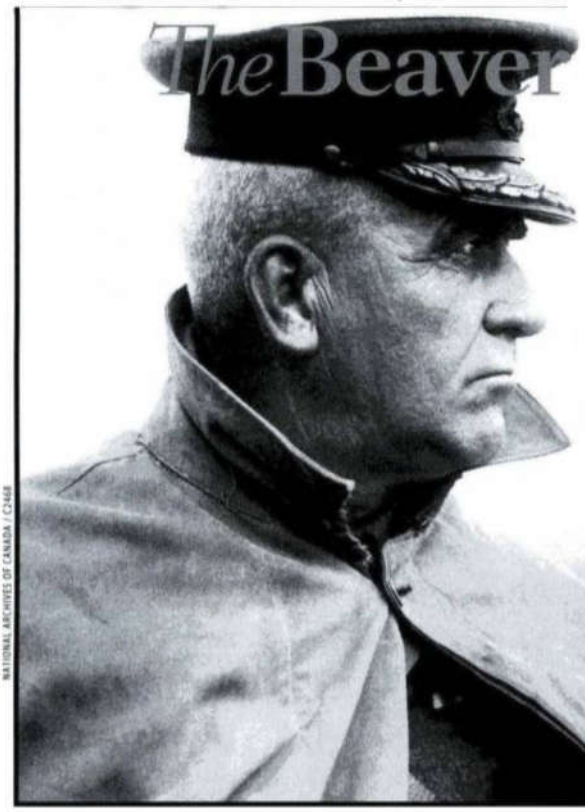

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that, in the future, not only would dirigibles be twice as big and have a speed of at least eighty-five miles per hour, but that they would be flying from London to Montreal and back at least once a week. For Montreal mayor Camillien Houde, the day of the R-100's arrival would remain marked in his mind forever. "Heroes of courage, heroes of science, heroes of commercial development," he proudly declared, "Canada's metropolis is honoured to welcome you."

The emotional outbursts that had greeted the ship in Montreal were repeated across Ontario as the R-100 made a twenty-five-hour voyage over the southern and eastern parts of the province. When seeing the R-100 flying over Toronto, the *Canadian Forum* could not control its emotional outburst. "The machine age," the *Forum* reported, "which has filled our lives with noise and stinks and soul-cramping ugliness, can also give us things as poetically romantic as the R-100. Whether we can afford them or not, let us have all of them we can get."

Once the R-100 completed its flight over Ontario, it returned to Montreal, underwent repairs, and began to prepare for its return to England. On Tuesday, August 12, 1930, the R-100 left Montreal for good, but a lasting imprint on its host country remained. For a moment at least, the ship's arrival inspired Canadians to dream of a glorious present and a prosperous future.

It was not three months after the R-100's return to England that the great hope of imperial airships was dashed forever. When the R-101, the R-100's companion craft, left on its voyage to India, talk of airships one day connecting the far reaches of the British Empire was again in the air. While over France, however, the R-101 went into a prolonged dive, crashed into the side of a hill, and burst into flames. News of the event, which killed forty-eight of the fifty-six on board, sent shock waves throughout the Empire that led to the demise of Britain's airship program and forever grounded the R-100. For Canadians, as they faced many long years of economic and political turmoil to come, the dreams of progress that the R-100 inspired crashed along with the R-101.

—Sean Mills

YVETTE NOLAN

Encounter

Murdered for her political convictions, native activist **Annie Mae Aquash** left a spiritual legacy that refuses to die, says playwright Yvette Nolan.

I imagine it was cold and windy the day they killed Annie Mae. I imagine her standing there on the precipice, knowing it was over, praying for her daughters. Was she terrified, or was she graced in those last few moments with courage, with faith, with the belief that her journey had been worth it?

Annie Mae Pictou was born in Nova Scotia on March 27,1945 and raised on the reserve at Shubenacadie, and later, when her mother remarried, at Pictou Landing. Canada's reserves had little to offer, and so Annie Mae, like many Maritime natives, migrated to Maine for the annual blueberry and potato harvest. In 1962, she headed for Boston with Jake Maloney, a Micmac from Shubenacadie, with whom she had two daughters, Denise and Deborah.

COURTESY DENISE AND DEBBIE MALONEY PICTOU

Many natives who move to the city find themselves on skid row, and Annie Mae too found herself in Boston's "combat zone." But instead of succumbing to the siren call of booze and drugs, she began to work for change. She was one of the early organizers of the Boston Indian Council, which established housing, employment, and drug and alcohol programs. She worked in the early "survival schools," educating young natives in an atmosphere that fostered a sense of pride in their culture and heritage.

Annie Mae hungered for faster change than survival schools could offer. When the American Indian Movement occupied Wounded Knee in 1973, Annie Mae and her lover Nogeeshik Aquash chose to join the protesters. Placing her two daughters in the care of her sister Mary, she left for South Dakota, running food and medical supplies into besieged Wounded Knee. Once inside, she dug bunkers and took part in nightly patrols with the men. She and Nogeeshik were married at Wounded Knee, in a traditional ceremony symbolizing their commitment to traditional values. Annie Mae had thrown her lot in with the warriors.

She became a leader in AIM, but she lost neither her connection to the women nor her commitment to systematic community work. She trained physically with the men and sewed with the women, where she continued to espouse the importance of education, of healthy diet, of resistance.

However, the American Indian Movement that Annie Mae embraced was already destabilized, infiltrated by agents for the FBI. The most well-known, Doug Durham, who passed himself off as one-quarter Chippewa, also rose swiftly within the ranks, taking charge of security, despite misgivings voiced by Annie Mae and the other women.

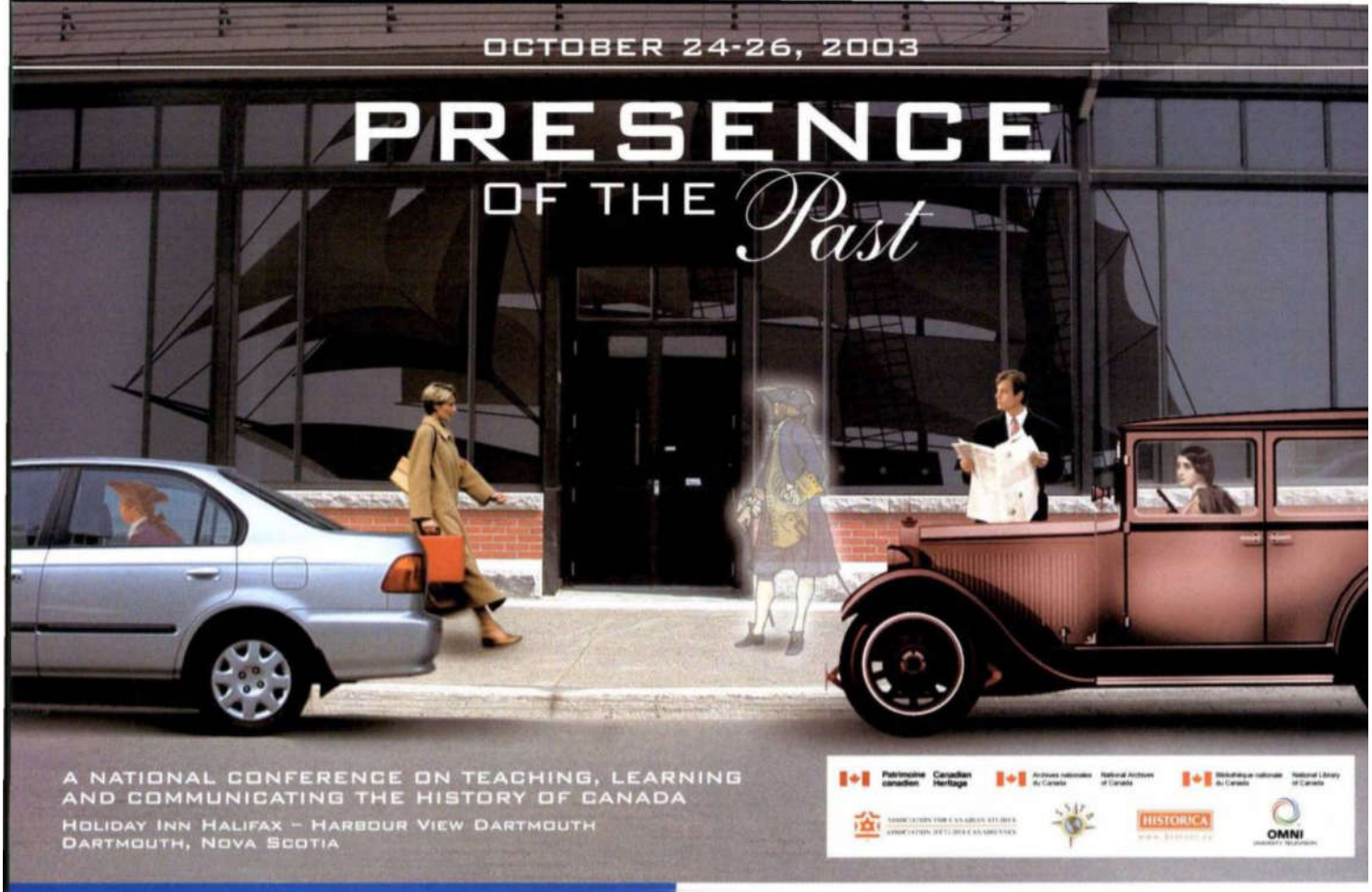
Durham's exposure as a spy, and his subsequent bragging in the press about the FBI 's infiltration of AIM, made the AIM members paranoid and defensive, and suspicion fell on Annie Mae. After the shootout on Jumping Bull property in 1975 that killed two FBI agents and one native man and led eventually to the imprisonment of AIM leader Leonard Peltier, Annie Mae became a target of the FBI. She was picked up and questioned several times and released, which served to fuel rumours that she was an informant.

The last few times her family heard from her, Annie Mae had been arrested and knew she was in danger. She spoke of men being out to get her if the FBI didn't get her first. In a prescient instruction, she told her sister to save her letters so that her daughters might know her. She never called home on Christmas 1975, and on February 24, 1976, her body was found at the base of the cliff in Wanblee, South Dakota. No one was charged with her murder for twenty-seven years.

The spirit of Annie Mae refused to die. Movies, documentaries, and books about the unsolved case continued to appear, and rumours continued to fly, in the press and on the Internet, about the involvement of AIM leaders in her execution. Then, at the end of March this year, there was an arrest and the promise of another.

The man who is charged worked security for AIM; he would have been twenty-one in 1975. When arrested, he was homeless in Denver. The other suspect, still at large, would have been about the same age. If these two men are convicted and go to jail for the murder of Annie Mae, will it be justice? Will it be enough for the family, for friends, for the legion of women like me who are compelled to speak and to work for native people because Annie Mae's refusal to be silenced cost her her life? ◘

Yvette Nolan's play *Annie Mae's Movement* has been produced in Whitehorse, Winnipeg, Toronto, and Halifax. She is the artistic director of Native Earth Performing Arts in Toronto.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Over one thousand participants attended the first two national history conferences. Once again, many of Canada's leading academics, teachers and researchers, as well as organizations disseminating information about Canada's history, will be present in Halifax, as will those who are bringing innovative tools and technology in this field into the classroom.

Presence of the Past will also feature special plenary sessions with professors who teach contemporary and historical Canada in classrooms abroad, thus providing participants with a unique and interesting perspective on the subject.

This gathering in Halifax will be the only national conference to bring together such a diverse group of individuals involved in communicating and teaching the history of Canada for the purpose of sharing information and resources. Teachers, students, professionals and others involved in the field of Canadian history are invited to participate.

The conference will feature over 45 sessions – featuring individuals and organizations from local, regional, national and international perspectives – as well as a number of excursions and events. Many sessions will focus on Canadian history from conventional means of teaching to the latest innovative methods, while others will address several important issues in Canadian history.

Of special interest will be a Learning Exhibition featuring over 20 organizations – representing museums, television, film, multimedia, governments and a variety of educational and non-profit organizations – displaying their latest resources.

CONFERENCE HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE:

- **Learning Exposition** featuring: The Historica Foundation, Canada's National History Society, the National Archives and Library of Canada, the National Film Board, Chinook Multimedia, the Ministry of Education (Government of Nova Scotia), the Department of Canadian Heritage, the Canadian Museums Association, Indian and Northern Affairs Canada / Atlantic Policy Congress of First Nations Chiefs, Canadian Historical Micro-Reproductions and many other organizations.
- Welcoming cocktail reception at Pier 21
- Special Saturday night banquet with activities marking the 400 anniversary of Champlain's arrival in New France
- Workshops and panel sessions featuring Canada's leading historians and professors
- Special keynote speakers, excursions and interactive sessions
- Plenary sessions featuring leading Canadian and international authors, academics, journalists, teachers and government officials
- Interactive professional development seminars with educational resource developers demonstrating hands-on, computer-based and relevant take-home materials to give educators a more in depth look at the potential for these resources as classroom tools
- Sessions and activities to aid educators to effectively incorporate media, museums, archives, multimedia/internet and other non-textbook information in their classrooms
- Off-site sessions and activities involving elementary, secondary and university students
- Special events and activities sponsored by organizations dedicated to the advancement of the teaching and learning of the history of Canada

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THE Society

Canada's mega-museum of history must be built using the full palate of bricks

A message from Deborah Morrison, president and chief executive officer, to the History Society's annual general meeting June 15:

The federal government recently announced 100 million dollars in funding for a new Canada History Centre. Like most of our members, I am a strong advocate for history and heritage, so I can only hope that such a major infusion of new money will be spent better connecting Canadians through new delivery vehicles rather than simply reinventing the wheel. Building another "national" monument in Ottawa (or saving one) is not the key to resolving our collective historical amnesia, which, every so often, we remember to worry about. For Canadians to really value the past as part of who they are, our history must thrive in the present and be an integral part of our everyday lives.

This point was made poignantly clear last summer, when city employees in Whitehorse unknowingly demolished Sewell House, an important structure in the Yukon capital. Not one person in the chain of command was able to tell the difference between the designated heritage building and the derelict extraneous properties adjacent to it. Travel across the prairies, where century-old farm buildings are sold for scrap to U.S. conservationists who painstakingly resurrect them in *their own* heritage tourism sites.

Canadians have become so disconnected to their past they don't even recognize it. To them, Canadian history is the stuff you find in places like … a national history museum. Yet, nothing could be more backwards.

When I was visiting Loyalist House in Saint John, New Brunswick last fall, I toured their third-floor storage area. Trunks filled with documents and pristine artifacts lay in wait, all but screaming for funds that might allow a curator to record their contents, never mind interpret what we can learn from them.

Clearly, the systematic centralization of our historical assets strips away people's ability to make sense of the past. Bring it closer to home, not further away. I take comfort in the government's use of the term *centre* instead of *museum*. I encourage them to think outside the boxcar about the old railway station's potential as a roundhouse, rather than the end of a line. Use this proposed $100 million to:

- Spend more money on virtual museums and projects that build a pan-Canadian network of exhibits, curators, historians, and interpreters.
- Develop policies and projects that demonstrate the efficiencies for planners to link with the past and restore heritage sites as lively and relevant community and commercial spaces.
- Support education initiatives that take students' exploration of history outside the classroom and bring more of our national artifacts to their desks and laptops.
- Recognize the success of projects like *Canada: A People's History*, History Television's *The Canadians*, and *The Beaver* magazine in making history meaningful. Support the research, writing, and production of popular history for print, film, and television.
- Develop and fund co-op educational programs and professional development to train a new generation of Canadians with the archival, curatorial, and historical skills needed to sustain our historical assets.
- Create opportunities for exchanges of expertise, stories, and interpretations – as well as materials.

All of these things could be the projects and programs of the Canada History Centre. And I hope they are considering such an approach. With resources devoted here, Canadians will gain from a rich inventory of historical artifacts located throughout the country that can also be drawn upon for national exhibits in Ottawa at any time.

The proposed site of the Canada History Centre, the former Union Station building, Ottawa 1954.

I am not suggesting that our national institutions don't merit support. Far from it. But even 1% of the proposed $100 million – if put towards reinforcing local initiatives – would help Canadians establish a stronger connection with what is housed in them.

This new museum represents a huge opportunity to rethink the way Canada commemorates our past. Let us choose a broader path in the effort to raise our national historical literacy.

If you would like to share your views with the prime minister on this important topic, you may write to: Office of the Prime Minister, 80 Wellington Street, Ottawa, K1A 0A2. You may also fax to 613-941-6900 or e-mail to <pm@pm.gc.ca>.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

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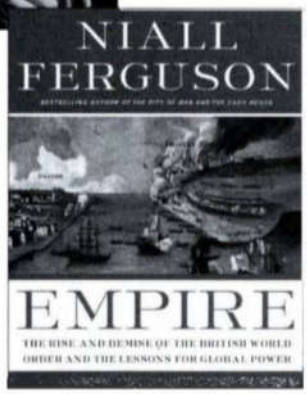
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

Canadians: Missing from *Empire*



If historians can be "hot," the hottest one in the world today is Niall Ferguson. He's young (historians count as young for a long time), he's connected (appointments at Oxford *and* New York University's Business School), and he's bold (in *The Pity of War*, he argues Britain should have stood aside in 1914 and let Germany control the continent). He regularly produces big, serious books that have huge sales, and he's timely, too – he rarely writes a book without drawing its contemporary lessons in leading newspapers.

Now he's moved into television. His new book, *Empire: The Rise and Demise of British World Power and the Lessons for Global Order*, is the companion volume to one of those British miniseries that has an expert racing through a series of picturesque historic landscapes and briefly pontificating about them. Usually, the "lavishly illustrated companion volume" to those programs is not worth looking at. But *Empire* is.

Elegantly designed and quite brilliantly illustrated, it is also an engrossing read. It has become newsworthy (as Ferguson would have calculated) on the strength of a few lines that declare the Americans had better learn the lessons of empire if they hope to do half as well at running the world as the Brits did. That's been enough to get op-ed pages humming. But Ferguson delivers much more than a few dubious "lessons of history."

He has a lively narrative style, a deft command of illustrative anecdote, and, most of all, he displays innate historical judgment. In a few pages, he can sort out for the reader what David Livingstone was all about, how the Mutiny changed India, or the roles of opium and evangelicalism in building the Empire. He has the historical writer's essential skills for a big story: to sort out significance from the clutter of detail and to distill hard truths from historical sentiment. This is as lively and insightful a short survey of the last four hundred years of world history as we have any right to expect.

Ferguson appreciates the violence, greed, racism, and oppression that built the British Empire. But he wants to recognize the benefits of empire too. An economist as well as a historian, he's a partisan of that often-abhorred contemporary phenomenon, "globalization." The British Empire, he says, achieved its predecessor, "Anglobalization." The Empire, he says, introduced much of the world to free trade, free labour, and free capital movements, as well as the rule of law, parliamentary democracy, individual rights, and a near-universal language. These are Good Things to Ferguson; so the Empire, for all its failings, was too. Agree or not (and *Empire* provides abundant material for counterargument), it's a thoughtful, significant, well-argued case.

And yet ...

It must be said that Canadian readers who cannot spot spectacular misconceptions in Ferguson's imperial history should hand in their maple leaves. Canada is barely part of this British Empire, and much of what Ferguson squeezes in is gratingly wrong, like his reference to the "Huron" who hunted on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Plains of Abraham get two sentences, Confederation a footnote. Not a single Canadian is mentioned by name.

True, Canada is not the only corner of empire Ferguson skirts. Australia and New Zealand barely rate a paragraph each; there's not much on the Caribbean, and even Britain's stormy

rule in Ireland hardly interests him. Ferguson definitely leans to Britain's Orientalist tradition – the one in which the Empire binds Britain to India, and then Africa.

Yet this is one place in Ferguson's story where his eye for significance has gone blind. One of Ferguson's keystone arguments for the value of the Empire hinges on the uniqueness of its movement to self-government, first in the "white" colonies, then gradually in India and Africa. The British "yardstick of liberty," he declares, made it "hard for the British to prohibit that political liberty to which they attached such significance."

That, of course, was the Canadianization of the Empire. Canada was the laboratory for those developments. But that whole process eludes Ferguson. He lamely ventures that self-government must have emerged full-fledged from the head of Lord Durham. Whatever the case, he's sure it was done in Britain for the colonies.

Surely he's got it backward. Britain itself was still struggling to reconcile parliamentary authority and Crown prerogative in the 1820s and 1830s, when Canadian thinkers and politicians were working out the ideas of "responsible government" that prevailed in the 1840s (Ferguson gets the dates mixed up). This was a far more radical step in Canada – which early on concentrated political power in the elective legislatures – than in Britain, which long retained its powerful, antidemocratic upper house. And in Canada, unlike Britain where few voted, the electorate of property-holders always included nearly all adult males. The people who forged the big ideas and made the tough breakthroughs toward national autonomy within the Empire, in other words, were Canadian politicians – Howe, Parent, the Baldwins, LaFontaine – and the voters who sustained them. Had it depended on the Colonial Office, we'd still be waiting.

Of course, there is a reason Ferguson perceives nothing of this story. Naturally he depends on other historians, and Canadian historians have not written about Canada's parliamentary evolution for decades. For fifty years, most conservative Canadian historians have preferred to celebrate power and economics in the Canadian past, while most progressive historians lament the abuses of power and economics.

Phillip Buckner, one Canadian historian of empire (now teaching in England), recently observed how Canada vanished from the new, multi-volume *Oxford History of the British Empire*, and for much the same reasons: "The whole question of the definition and extension of the system of responsible government in British North America is relegated to a page" here and there in a 3,000-page history. Buckner concludes that as long as Canadian historians take no interest in such questions, it's unlikely anyone else will. That it has all slipped right by someone with the fog-cutting clarity of Niall Ferguson seems to clinch the case. ▣

Empire: The Rise and Demise of British World Power and the Lessons for Global Order by Niall Ferguson was published by Random House in 2002.

Thanks to Phillip Buckner for suggestions by email and for reference to his essay "Was there a 'British' Empire?" in the Autumn 2002 edition of *Acadiensis*.

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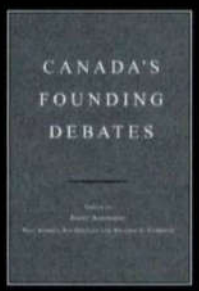

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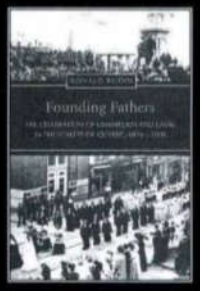

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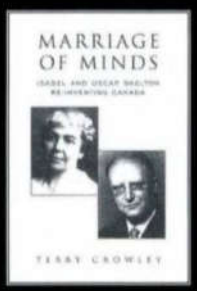

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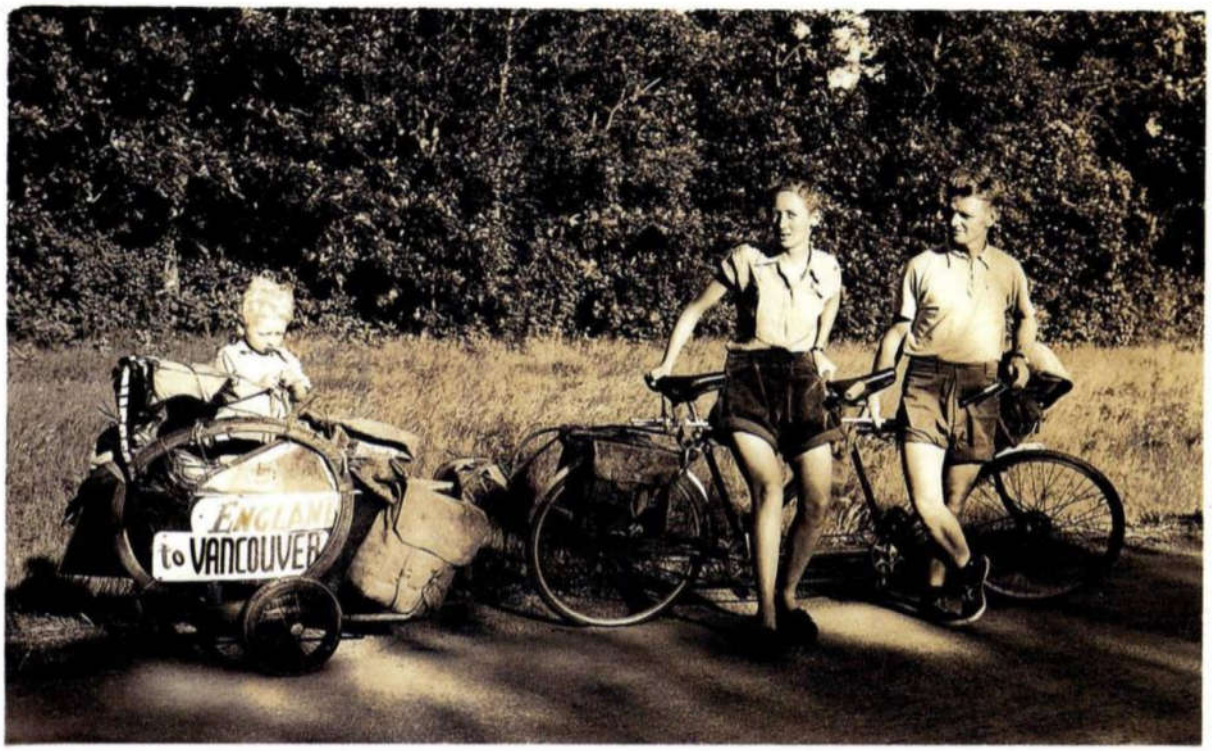

Shirley Bergen, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the daughter-in-law of Susanne Bergen. She lives in Winnipeg.

... or bust The mystery—well, one of them—is why Susanne Bergen kept this photo in her album. She arrived in Canada from Ukraine in 1948, a refugee of World War II, a widow, the mother of four children. The people in the picture, according to the handwriting on the back, are George, Margaret, and Jimmy Whitford. "Quebec to Vancouver, 1953," the script continues, though the photo itself clearly states *England* to Vancouver. Can we presume the Whitfords were English who decided to turn their Canadian emigration into an even greater adventure? Or perhaps unconventional tourists? Susanne Bergen operated a boarding house in Winnipeg in the 1950s and may, members of her family speculate, have put the Whitfords up. The Whitfords may, too, have been peace activists of the period who had visited Susanne's Mennonite church en route. We may never know. Just as we may never know whether the Whitfords reached Vancouver. Still, it was a lovely summer's day somewhere in Canada.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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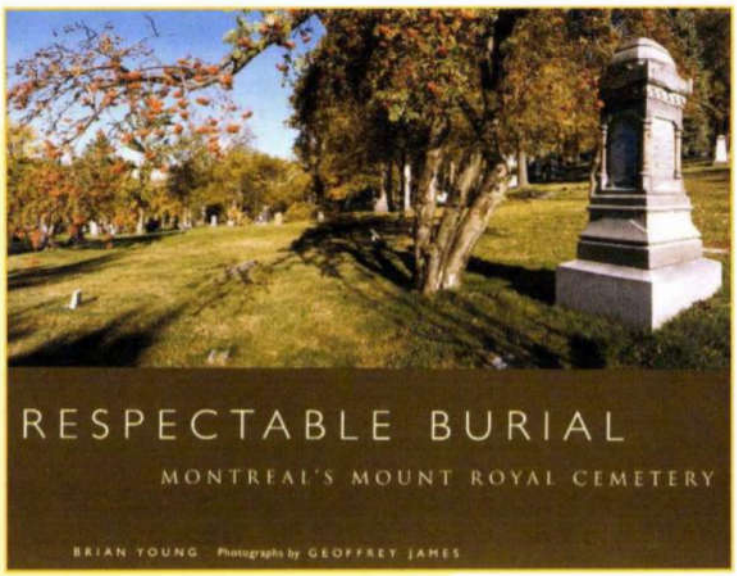
DIGGING UP THE PAST



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Brian Young

Colour photo essay by Geoffrey James

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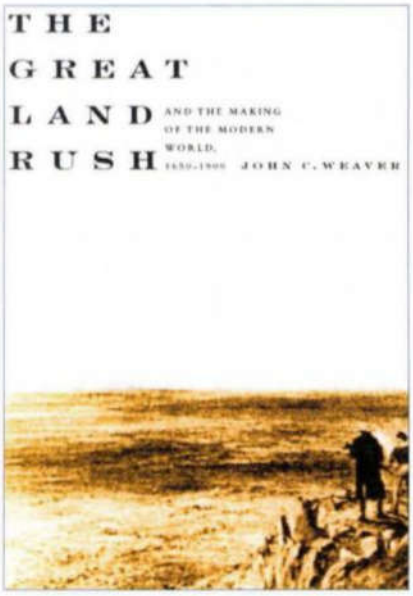

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9:30 AM	GHOST TOWNS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	1/2 HR ANTHOLOGIES	FASHION QUEST			
10:00 AM	THE CANADIANS					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM							
11:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES						
11:30 AM	LIVING HISTORY		GREAT TRAIN STORIES		THE FIFTIES		
12:00 PM	TURNING POINTS						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES	WAR STORIES (Thurs. 9 pm)
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2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
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4:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
4:30 PM	GHOST TOWNS	STREETS OF THE WORLD	1/2 HR ANTHOLOGIES	FASHION QUEST			
5:00 PM	CHINA BEACH					DISASTERS OF THE CENTURY	SEA HUNTERS
5:30 PM							
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6:30 PM	LIVING HISTORY		GREAT TRAIN STORIES		THE FIFTIES		
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					CANADIAN MILITARY HOUR	WAR SERIES
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11:00 PM	CANADIAN (TBA)	12 O'CLOCK HIGH					
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3:00 AM	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	DISASTERS OF THE CENTURY	SEA HUNTERS
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4:00 AM						WESTERN MATINEE (REPEAT)	DOC SERIES (NON-WAR)
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